



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



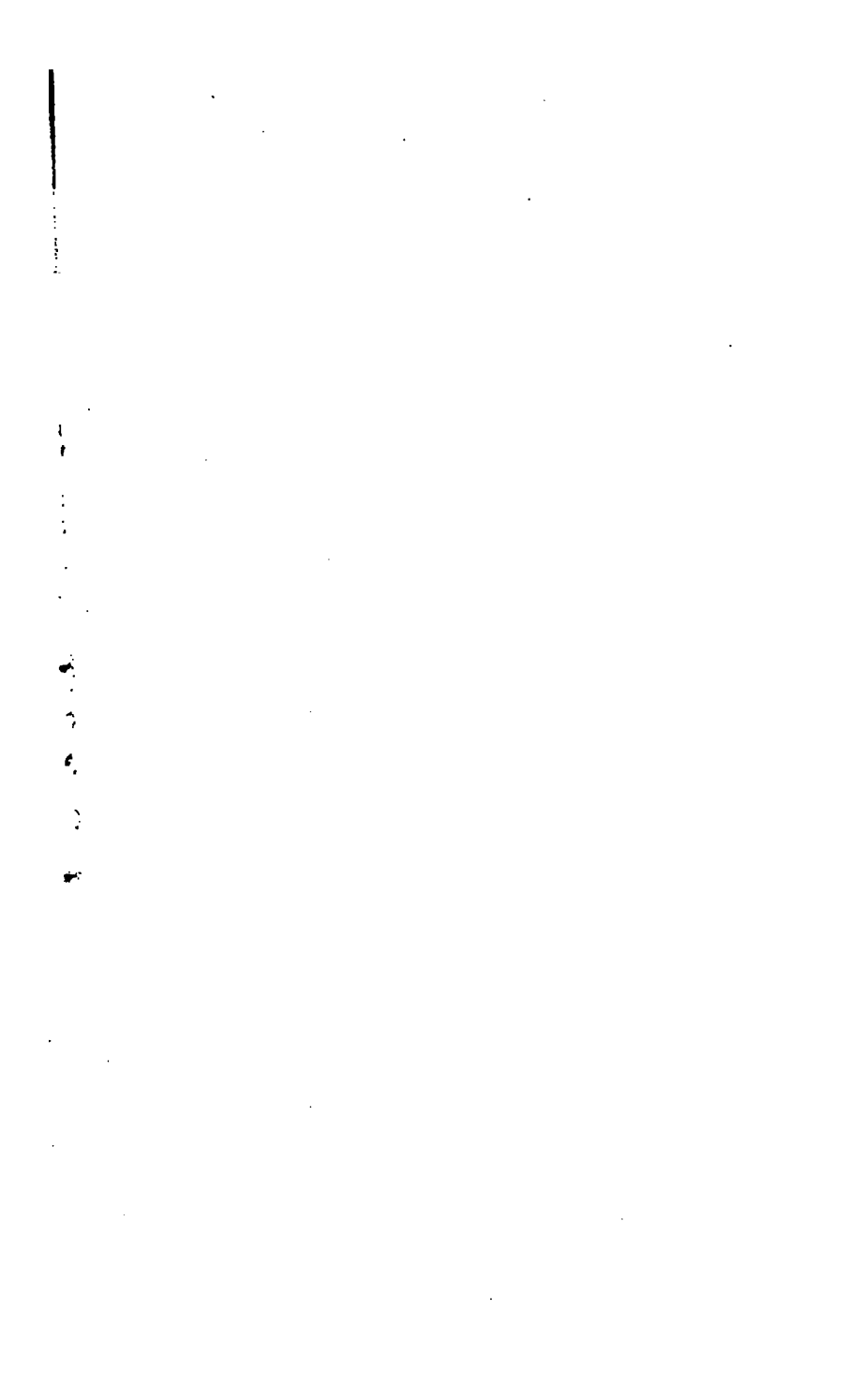
3 3433 07489099 1

AUSTRALIAN ECHOES.

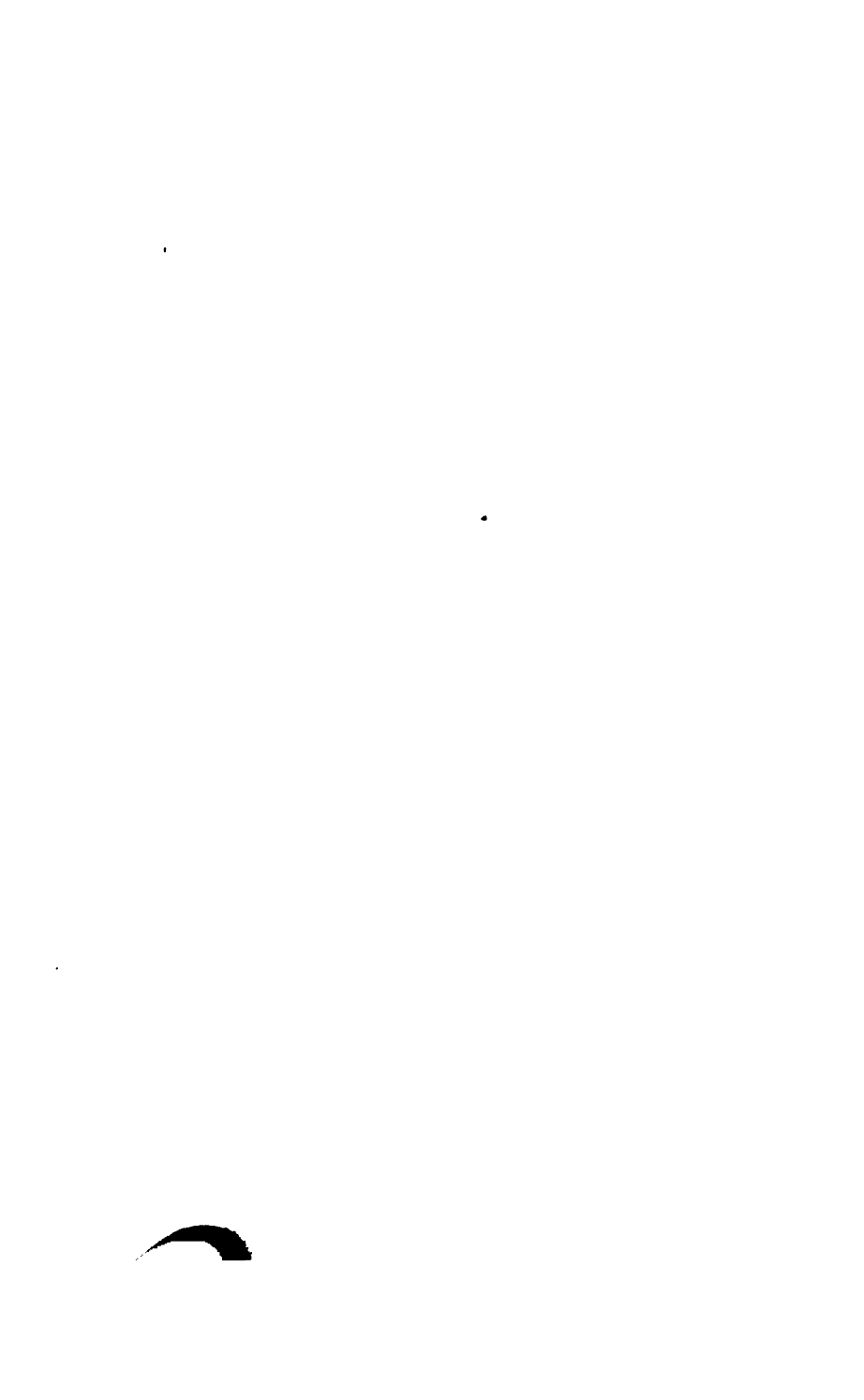
JOHN MATHEW.

1. No subject

75c



AUSTRALIAN ECHOES



AUSTRALIAN ECHOES

INCLUDING

THE CORROBOREE AND OTHER POEMS

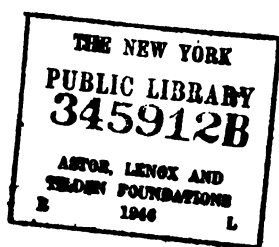
BY

JOHN MATHEW

*"But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps it may turn oot a sang,
Perhaps turn oot a sermon."—BURNS*

J
R.
MELVILLE AND MULLEN
LONDON AND MELBOURNE

1902
F.



AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO

MY WIFE

AND OUR OWN YOUNG AUSTRALIANS

Sydney-Jarvis & Co.



CONTENTS

AUSTRALIAN ECHOES

	PAGE
APOLOGIA	3
TO THE WATTLE BLOSSOM	5
THE STATION REVISITED	7
THE GREEN HILLS FAR AWAY	12
THE LAUGHING JACKASS	14
THE WHITE CAPTIVE	17
SONG OF THE BLACK CAPTOR	19
TO A BRUSH WATTLE BIRD	20
THE STOCKMAN	22
THE SELECTOR	24
THE MAGPIE'S MORNING SONG TO THE CHILDREN .	26
ODE TO SPRING IN AUSTRALIA FELIX	28
THE AUSTRALIAN MAGPIE	30
THE CHASE	32
THE ABORIGINAL LOVE-LETTER	37
FEDERATION SONG	40
THE CHOICE OF SYDNEY	43

	PAGE
HOBART	47
THE PHANTOM STEED	49
THE WRECK	56
FAREWELL TO AUSTRALIA	58
THE CORROBOREE	60

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS

AMBITION	109
A WOMAN'S LOVE	110
CHRIST A KING	113
CASTE	116
SAVING THE COLOURS	118
PERSEVERANCE	123
UNIVERSITY COMMENCEMENT DAY	125
THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER	127
FACING DEATH	129
PHILANTHROPY	131
FROM THE GERMAN OF HERM. NEUMANN	135
FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE	136
FROM JOSEPH VICTOR SCHEFFEL'S "TROMPETER VON SAEKINGGEN": SONGS OF YOUNG WERNER	137
FROM MARTIAL V. 37: A DEAR LITTLE GIRL.	141

AUSTRALIAN ECHOES



APOLOGIA

**THE eagle wheels and flutters bold and proud,
His piercing whistle fills the weak with dread ;
Pathetic doth the plover pipe aloud
Through the grey boughs when gloaming shadows
spread.**

The shrike salutes the morn with bugle sound
Inspiring toilers for their daily fight,
The big-eyed mopoke darkling flaps around,
With cuckoo-cry disturbs the sleeping night.

The gaudy parrot and gay cockatoo
Scream their harsh notes like fife and clarion shrill,
And the loud laughter of the jackass crew
Makes mirthful many a lonely vale and hill.

Where spring perennial haunts the shady bowers
The bell-birds silvery echo clearly floats,
And revelling among the forest flowers
The honey-eater chants his rippling notes.

But from the forest music who would miss
The little wagtail's voice at peep of day
That wakes the camper as with gentle kiss
And sends him singing on his morning way.

So 'mid the voices of the Austral choir—
Some bold and startling with Byronian note,
And others sweet and touched with Sapphic fire,
And others frolic and with laughter fraught,—

Mine like the tinkle of a cheery bell
When full orchestral music is in swing
May have a place in the harmonious swell,
Complete a chord or make it fuller ring ;

Or like the friendly wagtail's gentle song
That heralds to the camp the dawning grey
In trills that touch like a familiar tongue,
My simple, homely muse a part may play

Amid the loftier melodious sound—
That ~~breaks~~ from fair Australia's tuneful train,
And helpful notes, concordant, may be found
In my rude verse and prove it not in vain.

TO THE WATTLE BLOSSOM

HAIL! brightest badge the Spring doth wear
When first her face is seen,
I love to see thy clusters fair
Light up the sombre green.

Thy smile is like the golden beam,
The herald of the day,
Which makes the leafy tree-tops gleam,
And charms the mists away.

From hill to hill the morning ray
Leaps gaily o'er the land,
Its image lives where in its way
Thy scented buds expand.

The rambling children shout for joy
When they behold thee shine,
And pluck, not eager to destroy,
But grace to win from thine.

Like native cliffs which sailors spy
As homeward they advance,
Thy colour lights the languid eye
And makes all hearts to dance.

Thy downy pellets bursting out
Begirt with filigree,
With golden velvet wrap about
And glorify the tree.

Thy perfume on the ambient air
Floats gladdening to the sense,
And troops of winged marauders share
Thy sweets with joy intense.

Yon cloud now wears no aspect wild
Like foe to be withstood,
'Tis like a giant, huge yet mild,
Intent on doing good.

I would frequent the leafy wold
While thou dost tarry here,
For hope and joy with thee unfold
And make the Spring-time dear.



THE STATION REVISITED


A LAPSE of summers intervenes,
And far my feet have wandered,
Since last I gazed upon the scenes
Where youthful hours were squandered.
Again I view the bosky range
That backs the station dwelling,
And nearer, undisguised by change,
The lesser ridges swelling.

The bunya, whose colossal form
Was landmark ever vernal,
Still rears its front and stands the storm
As if it were eternal.
The camp was there by troopers scared,
The jaws of death were yawning,
Nor age nor innocence was spared,
It was a dreadful dawning.

I see some cattle at the yard,
I smell the scent of branding,
And visions stirring fond regard
Come to me where I'm standing,—
The sweat, the dust, the shouts, the blare,
The charging and the crushing ;
The all-absorbed, unconscious air
At once to memory rushing.

Oh, well I know the lawny knoll
With honeysuckles crested,
Where Charlie wished his hoary poll
Should at the last be rested.
The fence about his narrow bed
Is now or burnt or rotten ;
The kine are sporting o'er his head,
Whose memory is forgotten.

This morning as I rambled round
The old familiar places,
Dismantled huts and folds I found,
And wrack and ruin traces.
Lagoons were sleeping in the sun,
With lilies on their bosoms,
And birds their revels held upon
The branches and the blossoms.



But all the choicest land is reft
 From those who own the station ;
The run with road and fence is cleft,
 To me like desecration.
The loved romantic postal route,
 No use to try retracing ;
Unless prepared to go on foot,
 Or do some steeple-chasing.


Where shepherds gave the flocks their fling,
 And followed with their collies,
And lusty beeves did stray and string,
 Or flee the stock-whip volleys,
The station stock in paddocks browse
 The care of boundary riders ;
And fences check the milking cows
 Of settlers once outsiders.

New homes are reared upon the creeks,
 New voices in them mingle,
And cheerily the chimney reeks
 Though lonely be the dingle.
But much that was beloved is marred
 By ruthless Time's abrasion,
And Nature's virgin face is scarred
 By pestilent invasion.

I would not grudge nor herds nor lands
 To venturesome newcomers,
Nor houses once in other hands
 For half a hundred summers.
But still I feel the jealous smart
 Of lover to a rival ;
The pang when charms of youth depart
 That ne'er will know revival.

I rode across the Moomba flat
 Where tribes of yore did battle,
I saw but a marsupial rat,
 And quiet crawling cattle.
Above me in the boughs I saw
 The parrot's plumage gleaming,
I heard the noisy raven's caw,
 And cockatoo's shrill screaming.

How changed from when the weird and wild
 Corroboree resounded,
When warriors on the march defiled,
 And hunters lightly bounded.
Then cooeys echoed through the glade,
 And lilting cheered the gunyahs,
Where elders squatted, children played
 And women roasted bunyas.



Of life primeval and intense
Remains no vestige human,
The civilising influence
Has wiped out man and woman.
Like fallen leaves the tribe was strewn
By agencies inglorious,
Insidiously the seed was sown,
And vice came off victorious.

The scrub is thriving on the fells,
The wawoon's* fairy bower,
The creeks are gliding down the dells
Where wattles are in flower ;
The cedar still adorns the range,
The bracken decks the meadow,
The sunshine here has little change,
But oh ! my heart's in shadow.

The charm of other days is flown,
The friendship, the affection ;
I feel deserted and alone
Through loving retrospection.
My heart's oppressed with vain regret,
I care not long to linger
Where such relentless marks are met
Of Time's destroying finger.

* *Wawoon* = the scrub turkey.

THE GREEN HILLS FAR AWAY

WHEN within the town's environs
Like a captive pent I see
Drooping natives of the wildwood,
They find sympathy in me.
O ye winds that sweep their branches,
And upon my wan cheek play,
How I wish that ye could bear me
To the green hills far away !

Oh the blossoms ! oh the odours !
How they stir my soul's desire,
They rekindle in my bosom
Love of home, a sacred fire.
They awaken slumbering memories
Of my youth's unclouded day,
Vanished friends and scenes recalling
In the green hills far away.

THE GREEN HILLS FAR AWAY 13

How my heart is panting, panting,
For a long and careless ride
Down the wild and lonely gully,
Up the shaggy mountain side,
Through the grass that waves untrampled,
Where the mild marsupials play,
Near the dark and towering pine-trees
On the green hills far away

THE LAUGHING JACKASS

THE sun has only paled the sky,
And snowy mists the gullies fill,
And not a leaf nor blade is dry,
The air is clear and fresh and still ;
In northern lands the lightsome lark
To greet the dawning sings and soars,
But here a jocund bawler roars,
His merry-making music, hark !
One clears his throat, krrr ka-ka-ka,
Another answers, ku-ku-ku ;
United then, a merry crew,
Ka-ka ka-ka, ka-ka ka-ka,
Ku-ku ku-ku, ku-ku ku-ku,
Ka-ku ka-ku, ka-ku ka-ku.

The sheep are rising in the fold,
The dingo slinking to his lair,
The highest hills are tipped with gold,
There's gentle motion in the air.

And from the shepherd's roof of bark
A wreath of smoke ascending see,
And from a naked gnarly tree
A burst of wildwood laughter mark.

As sober these ka-guran* look,
As sleepy, sluggish, sullen, staid,
As if all gladness had forsook
Their heavy form in brown arrayed,
One moment they are grave and stark,
The next convulsed with loud guffaw,
And clusters here and there, ha-ha,
Enlivening all the Austral park.

On smoky days, at drowsy noon,
They drown the dull cicada whir,
The sun retreats to that same tune
Which was his early harbinger.
When lowering clouds their load debark
And let the blue peep through the rift,
Their harsh but happy voice they lift
And gladden like the radiant arc.

I love to hear their laughter ring,
I feel a partner in their glee,

* One of the native names for the laughing jackass ; it means literally beak-long.

A comrade with them on the wing
Through balmy Austral forest free.
From all this world's corroding cark
A respite glad their voice doth bring,
Suggesting cause to laugh and sing
When spirits droop and days are dark.

THE WHITE CAPTIVE*

'Tis midnight and the silent camp is sleeping,
My swarthy partner, hated, served, is near,
My custom'd vigil I am sadly keeping,
My sob unheard, unseen my bitter tear.

Was ever mortal with a fate so tragic?
Did ever woman bear such wrongs and live?
My life appears to be the sport of magic,
It tempts me God to blame, O God, forgive!

The quivering bark with wind and surf did wrestle,
The jutting rock did gore her like a horn,
The raging billow roared across the vessel,
My love, my husband from my side was torn.

* Barbara Thomson, the wife of a Sydney sea-captain, was rescued from the blacks in 1849, after having been four and a half years in captivity among them at Torres Strait.

I hear the surge its ceaseless murmur making
Upon the reef that wrought me this disgrace,
It whispers "Join thy love, thy woes forsaking,
Commit thyself unto my soft embrace."

O God ! hast Thou forgotten to be gracious ?
This savage isle, my misery dost Thou see
My agony provokes my prayers audacious,
O Christ, who suffered once, remember me !

The tropic skies, the sylvan views umbrageous
Possess no charm, I loathe their vapid smile,
The scenes of mirth profane, and crimes outrageous
Are hellish scenes, that gall me and defile.

When will they come, my countrymen, and take me
To yonder southern home across the wave,
To clasp my child whose love cannot forsake me,
To share her love and then to share her grave ?




SONG OF THE BLACK CAPTOR

My love is white as ocean foam,
My love is bright as the flower,
Her hair is like the golden beam
That streams at the morning hour.

Her lips are like the coral red,
Her eye like the sapphire blue,
Her bosom full as the downy breast
Of the silvery-plumed sea-mew.

Oh, sweet is the southern tempest's roar
And dear is the heaving tide,
And kind is the rock by my native shore
That captured my winsome bride.

Oh, strong must be that white man's arm,
And stout his heart must be,
Who dares descend upon our home
To steal my love from me.



TO A BRUSH WATTLE BIRD

There is blue above,
 There is green below,
But I'm out of tune
 And I dwell with woe.
Though the scene is fair
 It dispels not grief,
And the sweet fresh air
 Cannot give relief.

Sing on, brown bird
 Of the speckled breast,
That carollest joy
 To thy tenanted nest.
Thy frolicsome song
 Gives a thrill to me,
Such as land gives one
 Long delayed at sea.



I was here alone,
I was here in pain,
When thy voice broke forth
In a gay refrain,
And my liveness fled,
I awoke from care,
And the bird and man
Were at heart a pair.

We have met but once,
We shall meet no more,
But thy song is part
Of my memory's store ;
Though thy notes are few,
They suffice to show
That thy Maker and mine
Has the balm of woe.

Adieu, brown bird
Of the speckled breast,
Thou hast brought relief
To a heart distressed.
There is green below,
There is blue above,
And at nature's heart
Is the love of love.

THE STOCKMAN

THE mettlesome horses are prancing
When rings the steel stirrup at morn,
The limbs that are restively dancing,
Will wearily trudging return.

Chorus -

The stock-whip is sounding !
The cattle are bounding
Across the rough ridge and the timberless plain
The shock of the ramping,
The thunder of tramping
Are shaking the rocks in their dust-clouded
train.

They are mounted, the lads sunny-hearted,
In pluck they will ne'er fall behind.
With a joke and a song they have started
To scour through the woods like the wind.

So graceful and easy their bearing,
The mount and the rider seem one,
While the horse keeps his feet, little caring
How rugged the tree-studded run.

If a mob of red rebels, excited,
From the track to the camp dash aside,
The steed and the rider, delighted,
Will thoroughly humble their pride.

On the camp like a hare they must double,
Be agile and bold in the yard,
But living is death if all trouble
And hazard from life be debarred.

THE SELECTOR

AUSTRALIA's long, Australia's broad,
And fruitful is the soil,
The trees an invitation nod
To all who care to toil.
There's land for you and land for me,
And land for millions more,
And when we're gone our progeny
New regions will explore.

The land desires an active race,
'Tis swallowing up the blacks;
The horse's hoof shall soon efface
The rapid emu's tracks,
And there shall wave the snowy wool
Where only verdure grew,
And the thunder of the Durham bull
Expel the kangaroo.

The milking-herd shall form a camp
Where the laggard savage lay,
The kid shall frisk and the foal shall tramp
On scenes of dance and play,
Where boomerangs whirled the ball shall hiss ;
On the ancient battle-field
The roots of the cane and the corn shall kiss
The mouldering spear and shield.

The native dumb must soon succumb
To the lively English bee,
And honey shall flow with the golden gum
Adown the bursting tree.
The stock-whip's deafening peal shall ring
Where screamed the sad curlew,
The swan and the goose shall flap the wing
Where the crane and wild duck flew.

The settler's fare is the fat of the flock,
His coat the coarsest spun,
The 'larum of his clock the crow of the cock,
It's hands go round with the sun.
His joy he finds in the bleat and the low,
They blend like music grand.
If Heaven on him success bestow,
Oh, blessed will be the land.

THE MAGPIE'S MORNING SONG TO THE CHILDREN

WAILS the cat-faced owl,
Thickest darkness courting,
Curlews dismal yowl
In the moonbeams sporting.
We repose at dark
On a gum-bough slender,
Carolling like the lark
At the dawning's splendour.

Over Hobsons' Bay
Blithesome morn is peeping,
Listen to our lay,
Bid farewell to sleeping.
Up you get and out,
All the bush is stirring,
List the jackass rout !
List the cricket's whirring !



Hark the cattle low !
Hark the lambkins bleating !
Freshest zephyrs blow
At the night's retreating,
Health their puffs bespeak
Which the sluggard loses,
They will paint your cheek
Redder than the roses.


Ope your ears and eyes
While we chant our duet,
Stretch your limbs and rise,
You will never rue it.
From the gum tree's spray,
Warbling through the lattice
Herald we the day,
Raise the blind, look at us !

Morn and spring and youth
Are the gladdest seasons,
We are singing truth,
Giving you good reasons
Up to get and out,
Heed the call we're giving,
Rise and run about,
Feel the joy of living.

ODE TO SPRING IN AUSTRALIA FELIX

A BLITHENESS like the bliss of innocence,
 Bird-cheery, waking from a dreamless sleep,
A thrill unwonted, rapturous, intense,
 As if a sixth sense oped my being deep,
A new-born glory like the ecstasy
 Which with its first invasion love creates,
I feel, and yet 'tis but a simple thing
 That so enraptures me,
 A step outside my door thus elevates,
It is thy kiss, O primal breath of Spring.

Is it the joy that winter's gelid blast
 Will cease to sting and waste the verdurous mead?
Is it the thought that flowers will open fast,
 And summer-song and harvest-mirth succeed?
It is a thousand dim-conceived delights
 I drink, which like old wine the heart elate,



ODE TO SPRING IN AUSTRALIA FELIX 29

Joy unconfused tingles in each vein,
Earth, air, and skyey heights,
Surcharged with all thy charms, intoxicate,
Dear Spring, advancing with thy gladdening train.

Through sporting with the daily brightening beam
The surly blasts have changed to zephyrs bland,
Which, silken-footed, trip o'er hill and stream,
And gather spoil where velvet buds expand.
Their garments carry sweet refreshing hints
Of blowing wattles on the sunny slopes,
And emerald glebes and early orchard flowers.
Of soft, ensanguined tints
On budding tree-tips and of squatters' hopes
They whisper, brightening with the brightening hours.

The rosy bairns with clematis bedeckt
Skip gleeful, gambol lambs with equal glee
Upon the turf as yet with flowers unflecked ;
Glad flits the butterfly, sweet hums the bee,
The mated birds rehearse neglected notes,
And chant of love by every leafy tree ;
The old are young, and brooding care takes wing,
From songless music floats ;
Writ big is hope on kindly sky and lea,
And glimpses come of resurrection-spring.

THE AUSTRALIAN MAGPIE

OH, the magpie is the thrush of the songsters of the bush ;
Though mild he looks, and common and unshapely
when at rest,
He is stately in his tread, then he nods his sable head,
And like a courtly soldier bears his brilliant coaly
breast.

He perches on the tree-top, he rocks upon the-tree top
He hops with sheer delight and spreads silver-mounted
wings,
He looks as he would speak, then he opens wide his
beak,
His portly throat he stretches and in ecstasy he sings.

At the dawning of the day, when the sky's a brightening
grey,
How I love to hear his song through the dewy foliage
float.
It tunes up with piano, it hastens to crescendo,
Then lustily he chanteth his rich sonorous note.

When the young are nurturing, parent love enboldening,
Like the eagle from his eyrie on the rugged mountain
brow ;
Like a missile from a sling he swoops down with
whistling wing,
The fluttering-hearted passer-by must in alarum bow.

He is mischievous, I know it, and needs little chance to
show it,
But sportsman spare my favourite, Oh, for his music
spare ;
Shoot him not in wanton fun, turn aside the murdering
gun,
He'll repay you with his carol, and disperse your
wrinkling care.

THE CHASE

WHILE riding up the gully that comes from the Yabber
scrub,

When just about the base of that round hill they call
the Knob,


Upon the track where many a time we've seen the
dingoes trot

We spied a yellow-brindled dog, and after him we shot.
He went apace, we stuck our spurs into our horses' flanks,
And rushed with reckless haste along the thickly
timbered banks.

With foot secure our chargers sped, and with unerring
eye

Full many a treacherous stump and hole they bore us
safely by.

As close upon the fugitive, and closer still we pressed
The wily hound with foxy tricks to foil us did his best,
If once he leaped across the creek he did it times a score,
The horses warming to the work gained on him more
and more.



Now rattling o'er a fallen tree, its crumbling branches
crash,
Now winding mazy thickets through, 'mid rustling
boughs we dash,
Fire flashes from the milky quartz to the ring of
glittering feet
Which fall upon the lawny flats with dull and heavy
beat ;
But tripping where the bed-rock hides 'neath shallow
gravelly ground,
Re-echoes to the livelier tread a hollow, booming sound.
We splash through pools and bogging, toil through
spongy flats and damp.
Whir! see the cloud of frightened ducks rise from the
Wathom Swamp,
Astounded groups of kangaroos start from their shady
lair,
Confused and terror-struck they dance, unheeded how
or where.
On Namboor Namboor waters I had rounded many a
mob,
But never had I spurt like that which started at the
Knob.
'Twas hot work, I can tell you, for a tropic brightness
gleamed,
The sweat stood on our brow and from our steeds in
currents streamed,

A crimson patch upon each side the hard-pressed
creatures bore,
The clinking silver on our heels was grimed with sweat
and gore.
Along a woody sideling turned the tired and breathless
dog,
And for a moment dodged us springing o'er and o'er a log,
Balked, baffled, hemmed about, and with the stockwhip
sorely lashed,
He down the steep, and after him we helter-skelter
dashed ;
Stones clattered, clouds of dust flew up, and tufts of
grass were torn
As centaur-like through crackling brake the man and
horse were borne.
An ugly place is this to pass, close crowd the crooked
stems,
The limb o'erhanging menaces, the clump our passage
hems,
We are within ten yards of him, resolved to tread him
down,
When back he doubles like a hare to gain the ridge's
crown.
Young Jack led on at furious bat upon the hard-mouthed
grey,
Which, though the rein was handled well, the bit would
not obey ;

Defiantly his head he shook, he tossed his muzzle high,
His gaping mouth disdained the steel, and frantic was
his eye,
His twisted neck was stiff, he would not wheel but
straight tore on,
As well attempt to steer a ship with sail and rudder
gone.
A cry involuntary and a muffled, ominous thud,
One hesitates to look, and feels a curdling in the blood.
Alas ! the beast has carried Jack below a leaning limb,
Woe, woe the day that we must ride with Death, the
hunstman grim.
That stroke it was the senseless wood upon a human
breast,
Suspense doth check our breath and hush our very heart
to rest.
He's off ! Yet no ! He's fallen flat the horse's back
along
And slips beneath the branch which else him to the
dust had flung.
He rose up in his seat again, we hastened to his aid ;
Pale though his cheek and bruised his chest, he splendid
pluck displayed.
" Hit out, old boys, besides the shock I've only got a
scratch,
I want the dingo's tail—hit out, we must the vermin
catch."

We smiled and up the hill we turned, the exciting chase
renewed,
Revengeful was the speed with which the quarry was
pursued ;
The staggering trot was slackening, soon had we him at
bay,
A stirrup was the weapon that despatched the worthless
prey,
Our meagre spoil—a yellow tail, with which we cantered
back,
A lasting trophy of that hunt, we handed it to Jack.
He kept it for an ornament to grace his slab-walled
room,
Memento of that rapid run and the nearness of his
doom.
On Namboor Namboor waters I have rounded many a mob,
But never had I spurt like that which started at the
Knob.

THE ABORIGINAL LOVE-LETTER

WHAT poet hath not felt the flame
And sung in sweetest strains
Of Cupid with his arts and darts,
Their pleasures and their pains ?
The ancient bards and modern bards,
Bards sacred and profane,
Have sung love's theme a thousand times,
I'll sing it once again.

Ngai Kaiwoon Kaiwoon, ngu mundai mundai
Malingan nganyunggai a gindi gindi
Kabūrai arirūm
*Ngoonda Kalangūrnga minda Walareyan.**

* The chorus may be freely rendered :

I am in love with a face that is sweet,
And I am in love with a form that is neat
Oh the pleasure without measure
When I meet the charming maid that lives at Walareyan.

They've sung of lovers' sighs and tears,
Of letters penned in blood,
Of faithful vows through changeful years
In spite of fire and flood.
But mine will be a ruder lay
Of love by symbol spoken,
Of how the native youth convey
Affection's tender token.

Ngai Kainoon Kainoon, &c.

Once with a darky on the road
A secret he revealed,
As from his grimy hat he drew
A missive there concealed.
It was a tiny toyish twig
No longer than my thumb,
Three notches were the hieroglyphs
That hinted joys to come.

Ngai Kainoon Kainoon, &c.

"This mark," quoth he, "is meant for me,
A trusty carrier-dove,
And those on either side denote
A lad and lass in love ;
Last bunya-time these fond ones met
Full five long months ago,

And vowed to be a constant pair
Till death should lay them low."

Ngai Kainoon Kainoon, &c.

"By this the swain his vows renews ;
The nymph though dark is fair,
Within her bronze-hued bosom beats
A heart of feeling rare ;
No other eyes but yours and mine
Shall this love-symbol view,
For I will be a messenger,
A zealous one and true."

Ngai Kainoon Kainoon, &c.

For many a day the missive lay
Within its cosy nest,
Till borne in safety to the maid
Who knew its meaning best.
Their love it was a mutual love,
She soon became his wife,
Now through their native bush they rove
And lead a joyous life.

*Yauar duppathin **

Ngai Kainoon Kainoon, &c.

* (The) song singing.

FEDERATION SONG

THE ocean is the boundary
That nature girded round
Our ever-vernal country ;
We'll brook no other bound ;
Australia's sons shall never
To each other alien stand,
Nor puny mount nor river
Divide our fatherland.

Refrain

Advance, advance, Australia !
Heaven-favoured be,
Advance, advance, Australia !
Peace, glory, see ;
Advance, advance, Australia !
And never, never fail you,
The good, the great, the free.

Britannia's glowing story
 To unity inspires ;
The songs, the skill, the glory,
 The wisdom of our sires,
Ten thousand mem'ries precious
 Relate us to the past ;
Ten thousand hopes possess us,
 And bind our friendship fast.

Within the girdle azure
 Where'er the emotion spring,
Shall sorrow thrill or pleasure
 As round a household ring ;
And should a hostile legion
 Descend upon our shore,
From all our spacious region
 Shall guardian warriors pour.

Away with jealous factions
 That plot to separate ;
Away vain-glorious actions
 Unworthy of the great ;
O'er range and down uncumbered
 Let gladdening commerce glide,
And in her ships unnumbered
 Rove freely o'er the tide.

One rule and realm be founded,
One destiny alone,
A patriotism unbounded
Save by the ocean zone;
Let us to truth be loyal
To truth of heavenly birth,
And own the lordship royal
Of Him who rules the earth.

THE CHOICE OF SYDNEY

HAIL ! fair Australia, earth's great emerald, hail !
Too long the sea has been thy virgin veil,
Degraded wert thou 'neath the savage tread,
Scarce by thy bounty was he clothed and fed ;
But when the Briton laboured o'er the deep
And roused thee from thy long and barren sleep,
Thy fruitful womb with boundless wealth him blest,
His flocks and herds were nourished at thy breast,
Thy nerveless guardians withered from their place
And left thee to enrich a deathless race.
What gorgeous magic robes of mystery
Were wrapped around the lonely Southern Sea,
Ere dreams delusive drew the ambitious Don,
And mocked the avarice that urged him on ;
Ere yet the sturdy Dutchman silent wrought,
And squandered skill and fortitude for nought ;
Ere emulous France impatient steered the way,
Imposed a short-lived name on cape or bay ;

Before the Briton, led by zealous Cook,
Unsealed an ample tome of nature's book.

Twelve years the eighteenth century had to run
When British ships a dozen sail save one,
With twice five hundred souls to anchor came
Hard by the strand that owed to flowers its name.
These ships the Austral argonauts came by,
The frigate *Sirius*, the craft *Supply* ;
And storeships three which full-fraught heavy hove,
The *Fishbourne*, *Borrowdale* and *Golden Grove* ;
These six were barracks speeding with the gales,
The *Friendship*, *Lady Penrhyn*, *Prince of Wales*,
Scarborough, *Charlotte*, and the *Alexander*.
This the *first fleet* and Phillip the commander.
No spacious channel guiding close to land,
Forbidding was the scarcely-sloping sand,
In tiny boat the leader northward bore
To seek the opening in a rock-bound shore,
Yclept Port Jackson when at first descried
By Cook's look-out as past the captain hied.

What time, convulsed with subterranean spasm,
Those crags asunder shot and cleft the chasm,
Slipt headlong leagues of fierce invading waves,
They boomed and bellowed through the gloomy caves,

Concealed the wrack of elemental strife
And peopled every nook with scaly life.

Unnumbered years the solitary brine
Lured by the moon had marked its highest line,
Dissolved the mystic chain that westward towed,
With many a sigh had crept its backward road,
In ceaseless toil had scooped the rugged base,
Its driving spray had smoothed the jagged face ;
Athwart th' unfurrowed waste the prankish gales
Had never borne the oak-impelling sails,
Alone the downy breast or scaly head
The everclosing, trackless groove had shed,
And rare the native shy had paddled through
The rippling tide in fragile bark canoe.
Dread portals, what mysterious sights await
The voyagers who first approach the gate ?
Awe-struck upon the giant crags they gaze,
And enter full of transport and amaze.
Oh ! marvellous haven, oh ! loveliness and rest,
Australia's first, most beautiful and best.
It challenges the sea-line of the sphere
To show a better, if indeed a peer.
The tumid wave its foaming crest must lower,
And slow and soft caress thy favoured shore.
Around in dismal night the blast may sweep,
Root up colossal gums and scourge the deep,

Thy sombre girdling hills its rush arrest,
And soothe its fury ere it touch thy breast.
Thy bosom like a slumbering virgin's swells
Easy and innocent, and fear dispels.
What varied coves and bights indent thy edge
With pebbles trimmed, or sand or rocky ledge !
What graded depths, what diverse-fancied shapes,
From shallow crescents to steep bouldered capes !
A frigate may be moored anigh the land,
A shallop beached upon the yielding strand,
In antler-spreading channels deep and wide
The navies of the world might safely ride.
How hardly could the ravished, wildered mind
In such a choice of haven the choicest find.
A limpid brook forbade to further rove,
The frith near by was thenceforth Sydney Cove.

Say, darling Muse, what genius touched the wheel,
And hither sped the stout *Endeavour's* keel ?
What inspiration taught sagacious Cook
To choose a spot so near the magic nook ?
If not the Power that checks the rising tide,
Conducts the breeze and bids the storm subside,
Did deign to lead Britannia round the sphere
That she should found a second empire here.

HOBART

THE Derwent near thee lingeringly is winding
As loth to leave so fair a spot for ever,
The ocean wave a passage to thee finding
Commingles with the ripples of the river ;
The murmuring tide thy favoured strand caressing
Gives grace and health to thee and bears thee blessing.

And giant eucalypts on hills surrounding
Clap hands and swell the water's ceaseless song,
And silvery cascades down the gullies bounding
Shout as they skip the feathery fronds among ;
And 'mid the peaks sports Aeolus in travelling,
His misty burdens tangling and unravelling.

A glory rushes with the living ocean,
Of freedom 'tis the bulwark and the symbol,
And strength and fearlessness and close devotion
Thrive 'mong the crags whose height makes cowards
tremble.


These are the haunts of liberty and power,
And grace is nigh in rill and grove and flower.

To ears that hear, to eyes acute with feeling,
A speaking beauty won the wide world o'er,
But here for notice 'tis so loud appealing,
The deaf ear lists, the blind are blind no more :
How much should those to whom so much is given
Return in beauteous life to bounteous Heaven.

THE PHANTOM STEED

On what a fiery-tempered steed,
The fleetest of Australian breed ;
A brilliant bay with points of black,
Bridled, a saddle on his back,
I know not whence he came nor why
Sudden as dropt he from the sky.
So fond of riding, I'm in luck,
He comes like water to a duck.
Without reflection up I mount,
And ere two seconds one could count,
Unspoken to, untouched, unspurred,
He's flying forward like a bird.
So swift he doth and frequent bound,
His hoofs seem scarce to touch the ground.
We clear the fences, wood and wire,
Clear them, ay, leap a fathom higher,
Across the station's stoutest wall
We shoot as fast as cannon ball.

O'er brush and log we simply skim,
And pools we cannot jump we swim.
The sheep at our approach divide,
Some rather late to turn aside,
Poor wretches ! what a fate they meet :
A causeway for the horse's feet.
We're now on wild, unsettled blocks,
Beyond the haunts of men or flocks ;
The gullies, ranges rush anear,
And whirl as quickly to the rear.
See, in yon grove of scented wattle,
A countless mob of clean-skinned cattle.
They sniff the scent, our form detect,
And madly bolt with tails erect.
This stirs the fiery courser's mettle,
As foaled to head a charge in battle.
The frantic-rushing bovine crowd
Roll onward like a thundering cloud.
Hark to the crackling branches, hark !
See hair and gore upon the bark ;
There's many a bruise and many a crush
And many a stumble in the brush.
Oh, see impaled upon a prong
The lusty calf that's bellowing strong ;
His quivering eye, which shows the white,
Will soon be fixed in endless night.
No more he'll blare ; his day is done ;



The bovine youngster's race is run.
But not so ours : with quickened pace
We still pursue the aimless chase.
How swift, how smooth, how straight I glide ;
Thus must a daring æronaut ride.
I seem upon a railway car,
A gale-blown cloud, a shooting star ;
Ne'er faster flew a warlock form
Straddling a broomstick in a storm.
The air opposing cuts my breath.
Stop ! stop ! fit mount for sudden death !
With might and main I pull the reins,
He flies the swifter for my pains,
He has no mouth, a silken thread
Were just as good to turn his head.
We're sliding down an incline steep,
And close behind the herd we keep.
Here flows a creek twelve yards in width ;
The depth, I'm sure, is twice its breadth.
In plunge the cattle, nothing loth,
And churn the murky flood to froth.
The bulk have gained the further brink ;
A few, exhausted, choke and sink.
Oh ! sure a watery somersault
Will bring my charger to a halt.
Nay, bounding high above the tide,
We land upon the further side.

The leap has gained us several rods,
And blinding dust, and showers of clods.
My horse's ivory tears a rump,
And makes the owner roar and jump,
And, forward dashing, take the lead ;
And all the following faster speed.
They sweat, they pant, to windward veer,
And towards a sheltering scrub they steer
Whose dark and tangled foliage gives
A safe retreat to fugitives
Sometimes ; but not the densest wood
This dire pursuer can exclude.
Hustling, jostling, through they push,
'Mid tree and vine and thorny bush ;
Wending, bending, right or left,
We take the gap the mob has cleft ;
Re-echo galloping and ramp,
Trip-tramp, trip-tramp, trip-tramp, trip-tramp
My hat sticks on a spiny plant,
And, but my locks are short and scant,
I should be dangling 'mong the trees,
A perch for crows, a hive for bees.
What scratches and what horrid bumps,
From bristly boughs, on jagged stumps !
The ribboned remnants of my clothes
A bruised and bleeding skin expose.
The carle that stuck to Sinbad's back

Would here be parted from his hack.
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the scrub is done ;
I feel the breeze, I see the sun.
The trees are fading in the rear ;
Ahead the course is straight and clear.
Along a field of rock we dance,
With nought to check our swift advance.
Resounds the battering of the hoofs,
Like tropic hail on shingled roofs.
So slow are words, so short of power,
'Twould seem the ride had ta'en an hour ;
Yet scarce five moments have been lost
Since first my leg the cantle crossed.
My horse is labouring in his pace,
And losing somewhat in the race.
The copious sweat his toil bespeaks ;
His ruddy nostril puffs and reeks.
There go the cattle. No ; they stop.
What ! has the earth them swallowed up ?
Instinctively the rein I pull.
My horse is reckless as a bull ;
No more can I affect his head
Than if it were a block of lead.
I strive to shout in my dismay :
My tongue refuses to obey.
I try to tumble off at last :
The slippery pigskin holds me fast.

No plan succeeds that is devised :
My very reason's paralysed.
If fairies emigrate, they're here,
Like midges in the atmosphere.
We're on a smooth and rocky ledge,
A dark abysm's o'erhanging edge ;
A ton tied to my horse's tail
To avert our doom would not avail ;
Then, fated comrade, blindly leap,
And to destruction swiftly sweep !
As when the lightning, streaming bright
Illumes the landscape in the night,
A thousand images we see,
Vivid and instantaneously,
Thus, poised a twinkling on the brink,
There meet my vision ere I sink,
Above, the welkin blue and bright ;
Beyond, a wall of giddy height ;
Beneath, deep down, a vapoury haze,
The background veiling from the gaze ;
Ascends a dismal hollow roar,
Like billows raging on the shore,
And with it such a pestilent breath
As were the gulf the home of death.
Below me, half a mile at least,
I see the cattle, beast on beast,
Down shooting like an avalanche,

Down through the din and stifling stench.
My seat is lost, I'm losing breath,
My horse is whirling down to death,
And I am sinking, sinking, too ;
The world is rushing from my view.
I shriek in horror and despair ;
I wake : my steed was the nightmare.

THE WRECK

O CRUEL sea, O treacherous sea
That wiled away my own true love !
I hoped he would return to me
No more with wanton winds to rove.

His swift bark's keel no more shall part
Its native tide in Hobson's Bay :
I wish the tide might drift my heart
To lie with his far, far away.

Again I see the bursting sail,
I hear the sadly sighing wave,
I feel the pitiless southern gale
That bore my lover to his grave.

I saw him passing Lonsdale Head,
I watched the brig, a speck, grow dim ;
More lief would I have joined the dead
Than thus have gazed my last on him.

THE WRECK

57

The billows are the rushing steeds,
The bonnie brig's a funeral car,
In sea-deeps float the lacey weeds
Which his memorial garlands are.

O coral isle so bleak and bare,
No kindly haven indents thy shore !
Oh list the north wind howling there,
Oh list the frantic surges' roar.

The angry waves dash o'er the deck,
I feel their chill upon me spread,
The cable's snapped, the brig's a wreck,
My true love sinks, my heart is dead.

FAREWELL TO AUSTRALIA

O SUNNY clime and smiling land
And sky serene and balmy air
And pastures wide and golden sand
And forests evergreen and fair,
O land where peace and plenty dwell,
Land of the brave, the free, the true,
Hear now a wanderer's fond farewell,
Australia loved, adieu ! adieu !

The choicest spot the earth can show
May boast no heart-enthraling power,
To dwell in Eden were but woe
If in it bloomed not friendship's flower ;
Along my rugged winding way
This priceless bud profusely grew,
But I must leave its joys to-day,
Australia loved, adieu ! adieu !

A foe has crossed the empire's bound
And proudly boasts that he can win,
The bugle gives the warning sound
The prelude to the battle's din ;
It calls and gladly I obey,
For Britain's cause to dare and do,
At stake for her my life to lay,
Australia loved, adieu ! adieu !

The gently-heaving, peaceful tide
May wildly leap and hoarsely roar,
And 'neath its boiling bosom hide
The ship that nears her native shore,
Thus oft hope-highest mortals sink,
But dangers serve the brave to woo
Though huge they loom I shall not shrink,
Australia loved, adieu ! adieu !

Should time's dark tide that round me laves
Beat madly on my fragile bark,
And rude, relentless, roaring waves
Quench life's glad glow and hope's bright spark,
Thus fate-forbidden my return,
Thee fading fancy shall review,
And in my heart the words shall burn
Australia loved, adieu ! adieu !

THE CORROBOREE*

ALTERNATE as the tidal flow,
The shuttles wander to and fro
That weave upon the web of life
Its love and hate, its peace and strife,
And nought within the solar range
Escapes the flux of rhythmic change.
The pattern by omniscience planned
Is shaped by an Almighty hand ;
Imperfect—much misunderstood—
Complete—it will be final good.

Upon the rosy skirts of day
The moon discharged a pearly ray ;
Serene within a glittering zone
She sat as on a silver throne,
An opal iridescent ring,
A glory—her encompassing.

* *Corroboree*, the name for the aboriginal song and dance is often applied by the colonists to a social gathering or festival.

The eastern height she slowly clomb
To seek the zenith of the dome,
Thence cloud-pavilioned to retire
Involved in gloom as if in ire.
The stars that faint before the sun
Peeped pale and trembling, one by one,
Then hopeful smiled from heaven's sphere
And whispered steadfastness and cheer.

The light subdued, and softened shade
Transformed the features of the glade ;
Distance and colour, form and size
Were strange to even familiar eyes.
A calm and solemn beauty sat
Upon transfigured hill and flat ;
Cicadas rolled their mimic drum,
The ear attent could hear its hum
Blent with the gurgling, tinkling croak
Which from the creek incessant broke.
Upon a low bough pensive perched,
The wakened owl the vista searched,
Then flapped his rapid wing and flew
Greeting the night with lone *ku-ku*.
The staring brown-eyed 'possum stole
Forth from his home in hollow bole,
With amorous tones he called his love
While clambering to a branch above ;

How cool, how free the tiny sprite
Configured by the silvery light !
Around he cast a survey brief
And 'gan to nip the lush gum-leaf.
So bright the mild November eve
Diurnal things could scarce believe
Sleep's season come, and broken notes
Still drowsy swelled the magpies' throats.
The deepening night (portentous calm)
Was nature's soporific balm ;
The dew refreshed the herb depressed
And weary life was lulled to rest.
All things seemed gentle, sweet and good,
Like simple, slumbering infancy.


Reverberating from afar
Comes tramp of horse and clatter of car,
With beat of hoof and roll of wheels
Mix shouts of mirth and laughter-peals,
As folks approach on every hand
In gleeful groups, a motley band,
To Noora Downs they've been convoked,
The harnessed nags are there unyoked.

The spacious wooden woolshed crowns
A gentle slope on Noora Downs,
A hundred thousand sheep or more
Were yearly shorn upon its floor.



Where erst the yellow fleece had been,
Partition, hurdle, gate and screen,
A decorated hall appeared
That night for feast and frolic cleared.
Full many glowing lamps were slung
On chains that from the rafters hung,
A flickering yellow glare they shed
On walls with flowers garlanded,
And showed a merry-minded throng
Thrice fifty people old and young.
Each tanned and horny-handed guest
In holiday attire was dressed,
The gross misfits that caught the eye
Proved that no needle-knight was nigh.
The rustic mind content with slops
Despised the criticism of fops.

The guests assembled at a board
With drink and viand amply stored.
The minister rehearsed the grace
With solemn tone and earnest face.
Then broke the momentary hush,
Rose vocal murmurs, and the rush
Of conversation swept along
Till free and fast wagged every tongue.
And every eye rolled just as free
To scan what every dish might be ;



So few would take in hand to carve
With waiting some were like to starve,
For etiquette has fixed so nice
The order, size, and line of slice,
That Bill or Bob who in his hut
Can bare a bone with slashing cut,
Or amputate an aged limb
If time and space be granted him,
Feels helpless at a formal feast
As if he were a handless beast.
No marvel then that few would dare
Fowl and fantastic joint to share.
At last with waiters lending aid
Heaped were the plates, begun the raid,
And to the voices' merry chatter
The knife and fork played steady clatter.
There was a run on fowl and lamb
And woe betid the marble ham,
The puddings went like water spilt
And tarts like summer hail did melt,
And amber ale kept flowing free
To make the loaded organs gee,
The gourmands thought not of the sorrow
The overtasked would cause the morrow.

The chairman Bell—of Bunda Creek—
Requested audience, 'gan to speak :

" Friends, neighbours, it affords delight
To meet as we are met to-night,
Drawn hither by respect we owe
To one whom we are proud to know.
Our loved and honoured host intends
To leave Australian scenes and friends,
With home-sick yearning longs to see
The land of his nativity.
He, true to kindly wont, desired
Ere from the Wimmera he retired
(Perchance to never more return,
For none can claim the morrow morn),
To gather round him all he knew
And hospitably bid adieu.

" This is the one-and-fortieth year
Since he and I first ventured here,
And as we've been the closest neighbours
By common dangers knit and labours,
I think I ought to know the stuff
I've seen so many a sample of.
And I can say with heart unfeigned
His honour never has been stained.
In manhood's prime no fear he knew,
He slighted dangers faced by few;
His eye was keen, erect his head,
His muscles steel, and light his tread.

Of hardship and of wrinkling care
This pioneer has borne his share.
The corporal powers that graced his prime
Have felt the scathing touch of time ;
His frosty head is bowing now
And dimmer 'neath a furrowed brow
His dark eye glances, and his knees
Move feebler and he covets ease.
Tho' age has set its mark on him
I ask you, are his virtues dim ?
The voice of all must answer no !
Like wine, with age more ripe they grow,
Experience-mellowed, active, they
Survive corporeal decay.
His worthy acts are without end
As benefactor, neighbour, friend ;
His deeds, his bounties, why recall ?
They're graven on the hearts of all ;
Then fill your glasses to the brim
And drink good health, God speed, to him."

Then at the word the guests sprang up,
The liquor sparkled in the cup ;
" Mister Macpherson," said they all,
" Good health, God's blessing him befall."
The health was drunk, his praise was sung,
In heavy bass the accents swung.

Some in the wine but wet their lips,
Foreseeing frequent calls to sips,
But most had no such prescient eye,
They drank, and drained the glasses dry.

When to respond the host arose
He met with long and loud applause ;
His reverend and benignant mien
Would gain respect wherever seen ;
There deepest sympathy awoke
As soft and modest thus he spoke :
“ When ardent Cupid sways the mind
The subject like his lord grows blind.
Our neighbour, viewing me to-night,
Was moved, I fear, by the love-sprite ;
Would that we felt such prompting when
We reckon up our fellow-men.
The picture now by friendship drawn
In fairness far transcends my own
Which I in mind am forced to bear,
Which to amend costs meikle care.
It was not I he let you see,
But rather what I fain would be.
There’s many a fault and frailty too
That Bell could set before your view.
He is a dealer keen to sell,
The good points he is sure to tell,


Defects he will not blab about,
But let the buyer find them out.
I'm rough and ready all may see,
And far from what I ought to be.

“ When hither first I steered my course
Scant was my flock and light my purse,
The bearded grass was rank as corn,
Untrod, unprized, unsought, unshorn.
I slept upon the tufted sward,
A wholesome, cleanly couch, if hard ;
My curtains were of leafy lace,
Stars flashing through them on my face,
And sometimes rain and often dew
Lay lustrous on my blanket blue.
The dainty chirp of wagtail bird
Was the sweet matin that I heard,
When morning's beam my eyelid smote
I caught its tender-trilling note.
Soon higher nature's chorus rose,
There rang a lilt like bugle close.
The magpie fluting from the boughs
Announced the dawning to his spouse,
Then *kooka burra** lazy winked
And ruffled all his plumes and blinked,

* A common name for laughing-jackass in dialects of East of Australia.

And joying in the morning's cool
Guffawed and giggled like a fool.
The native armed with shield and spear
Gazed from afar in curious fear,
Cautious approached lest he should spy
The lightning darting from my eye.
Of comrades oftentimes I had none
Besides my horse, and dog, and gun,
And oft with rations on my back
I tramped upon the dim bush track,
Where never wheel had furrowed ruts,
Across the run to distant huts
To see my shepherds, count my sheep,
And hostile natives from them keep.
I trusted Milo's watchfulness
To warn and fend from aught amiss.

" Since Bell and I first crossed the range
The west has witnessed many a change,
Full many a veteran pioneer
Has closed his hazardous career,
Full many a wild and distant block
Has fed the wealth-producing flock,
Full many an upland has been cleared,
A thousand hills their herds have reared,
The glittering axe with sturdy blow
Has laid the lofty gum-trees low.



"The pioneer with fleecy flocks
Was first to lease the lonely blocks ;
Where grass was sweet and pools enough,
However lone the life and rough,
He little recked while throve the sheep,
And glossy wool there was to reap,
And laden drays went rocking down
The rugged road to sea-port town.
As Israel, ages long ago,
The Amorite spoiled with sword and bow,
The squatter took and held his run
From Maar* and Kuli* by his gun.
While year by year through self-denial
With many a risk, and loss, and trial,
By dint of care, and toil and trouble
He saw his flocks themselves redouble,
While multiplying fence and tank
As grew his balance at the bank,
Extending yards, improving shed,
Flower rearing where the brush had spread,
And building for a tasteful wife,
His was a slow, laborious life.

"Gold flashed in an Australian stream,
And vanished was the peaceful dream.
Like forest fire on north-wind day


* Equivalents for (aboriginal) *man*, *men* or *people* used by the aborigines in Victoria.



Uncourteous diggers stormed their way ;
They rushed where none was wont to pass,
Defiled the creeks, and fired the grass ;
Wherever gleamed the snowy quartz
Rough-bearded men with reckless hearts
Trooped in disorder, as the crows
To carrion flock whence no one knows.
They desecrated virgin ground
With paddock, slush, and yellow mound,
Disfigured beauteous, mossy steeps
With trenches, shafts, and stony heaps ;
They pitched their tents, discharged their guns,
And made the herds forsake their runs.
What if they bought the squatter's beef ?
They spoiled his home with race and reef,
Consumed the grass and felled the trees
Without so much as if you please.
And with them marched in hungry crews,
Selecting land, the cockatoos
Who came with tools, and traps, and boxes
In starving clouds like flying foxes,
And these intruders both combined
To make the laws to suit their mind.
They picked the eyes out of the country,
And hardly left one standing gum-tree.
We, hidebound, hard, conservative
Were in the way, unfit to live ;


We who had taken life in hand,
Explored and mapped the unknown land,
We who had cleared and led the way,
Stood ground, and kept the blacks at bay ;
Had deemed the plains our own by right
To sell or will to whom we might,—
We must retire, and they advance,
Our home be their inheritance.
They were the liberals, men of pluck
To oust us who had thriven by luck ;
Yes, liberal truly in one sense,
Liberal to self at our expense.

“ Enough, I only wished to show
The squatter’s wealth was gathered slow,
And did not fall in golden rains,
Unearned by labour, patience, pains.
’Twas won as fair as fair could be,
By hardship, thrift, and industry.
I merely wished to let you know
The debt they to the squatter owe.
Why should they grudge the squatter ease,
And sting him like enragéd bees ?
They, bred the squire’s estates to reap,
Would not have ventured o’er the deep
Had he not proved Australia’s wealth
To furnish food, and gold, and health.



“ My tongue, I fear, has wagged too fast,
And raked up wranglings that are past.
The squatter’s jealousy is gone,
The farmer’s envy all but done,
And we at least who mingle here
Have grown more friendly year by year.
Forgive me if my words are rude,
I feel in no unkindly mood,
But gratefulness my heart doth swell,
Thanks for your courtesy, farewell ! ”

The host, aware that minstrelsy
Would suit the time and swell the glee,
Called for a song, and some exclaimed
“ The tutor ! ” He a songster famed,
And bard, a man of meaner size,
With wealth of brow and lustrous eyes,
With genial heart and fluent tongue,
And wit for speech and rhyme for song.
They said he had enough of knowledge
To be the head of Ormond College,
That love of liquor broke him down,
And made him doff the cap and gown,
And drove him forth in penury
To the bush to teach the A B C.
In mellow voice and baritone
He sang a ditty of his own.



Nor voice, nor words, nor melody
Pleased chiefly in his minstrelsy ;
What thrilled the audience through and through,
He sang as if the words were true.

Oh, fain would I be where I roved when a laddie
'Mang heathery mountains an' broom-covered knowes,
Where wading the pools of the clear, rapid Gadie
I guddled for trout while I herded the cows.
The old parish school an' its dignified master,
The gay, rosy schoolmates I fondly recall;
The storm-beaten kirk an' the reverend pastor,
The circle at hame which was dearest of all.

Again at the pleugh I can see my sire stalking,
The last of his race that would farm on the brae,
The dear echoes ring of his deep Doric talking
An' swell on the breezes that with his locks play.
Again do I hear the sweet voice of my mither,
Her sangs and her soothings come back in the night ;
My bonnie wee sisters I see an' the brither
Who fell for his country in Lucknow's fierce fight.

Oh, fair blaw the win' for the ship as she traces
Her course to the lan' that I love to ca' hame ;
An' though unco faces appear in kent places,
The hills, woods, an' waters will still be the same.

Beloved are the fields that our ancestors cultured,
The scenes where they lived, where they loved, where
they died ;
An' sacred the soil is to him whom it nurtured,
Though those that were loved there no longer abide.

The cadence had not died away
Ere plaudits followed on the lay.
Those marks of pleasure left a lull
As if the company were dull ;
Not so, in those Arcadian times
He who had sung or said his rhymes
Was given the right to designate
The next to keep the mind elate ;
The gallant tutor used it well,
He named the sprightly Isabel.
A child of a selector, she,
More bred for toil than minstrelsy ;
Straight, supple, like a sapling gum,
Of hardy stock the lass was come.
Plump was she, hazel-eyed, imbrowned,
Her bust was of an ample round,
Not tapered fine about the waist
But made to be with warmth embraced ;
Her gait was graceful, figure tall,
Feet fit to walk, and hands not small.

Shyly she sat with downcast look,
An inspiration deep she took,
Ripe ruddy lips were parted wide,
And milkwhite teeth she did not hide,
And with a fresh and dulcet voice
A ballad pointing to her choice
She wistful warbled, moderato,
To concertina obligato.

Far, far on the plains of the arid back blocks
A warm-hearted bushman is tending his flocks,
There's little to cheer in that vast grassy sea,
But oh, he finds pleasure in thinking of me.
How weary, how dreary the stillness must be,
But oh, the lone bushman is dreaming of me.


He mounts in the saddle and dashes away,
As buoyant he rides as the bird on the spray,
A horse and a dog are they comrades alone?
Ah no, there's another, her presence unknown,
For sure as his shadow along with him glides
My spirit attends him wherever he rides.

I sigh for my love in the long summer days,
A parched ground reflecting the sun's torrid blaze ;
I sigh for my love in the evenings so drear,
And send him full many a message of cheer.

Oh trust me, lone bushman, the giddy and gay,
My heart cannot steal while you're far, far away.

But why in the dull silent waste does he live,
Remote from all pleasures the city can give ?
Does avarice urge him a hermit to be ?
Ah no ! it is love, he is toiling for me ;
Soon, soon will the days of seclusion be done,
Two lives that are parted be mingled in one.

It was a simple pastoral lay
And sung in quite an artless way ;
A critic who had music learned,
No end of faults would have discerned
In breathing, phrasing, gliding, slurring,
And flat notes now and then occurring.
Some knowledge is a doubtful gain,
Converting pleasure into pain,
And oftentimes most joy we find,
By keeping taste half-deaf, half-blind.
The audience did not pose as critics,
And blissful, recked not of æsthetics ;
They liked the bright Miss Isabel,
And song and singing pleased them well.
They understood the lyric strain,
It woke love's slumbering thrills again ;




While hearts shall feel and songs be sung,
Love's lyric will be fresh and young.

By this the fiddlers had been fet,
But ere they got their whistles wet,
Their bows berosined, fiddles tuned,
The time allowed more to be crooned.
So Isabel the cantatrice
Displayed her arch and sweet caprice,
Passed over all the tuneful pack,
Besought a song from Shingle Jack.
He hummed and hawed and screwed his mouth
From east to west, from north to south,
He smiled and smiled, and wagged his head,
And said he would recite instead.
'Twas well, for when to sing he tried,
His one tune went as if he cried.
The nature-lovers made a fuss
Because the ancient platypus
Was caught while brooding on its nest
With eggs unhatched beneath its breast.
They dote upon the Ceratod,
And visit its confined abode
To catch the obsolescent creatures,
And trace their pre-diluvian features.
But human eccentricities
Frequent the bush as well as these.

There psychic students folk will find
Uncouth in figure, face and mind,
Originals who give a zest
To life with loneliness oppressed.


Jack was a carle of massive mould,
Tall, gaunt, ungainly to behold,
Like some old gum the storms have battered,
Withered and gnarled, and cracked and tattered.
His poll with long, lank hair was thatched.
His heavy features ill were matched,
His mouth was crooked, wry his nose,
His skin was rusty and rugose.
Queer certes, fond of solitude
He was, but honest, leal and good.
Familiar as the native blacks
With unfrequented lands and tracks,
He roamed the country unconfined
And camped where'er he had a mind.
A thorough bushman, wondrous skilled
In all the bush-craft ; he could build,
And fence, and timber saw and split,
And bullock-punch and ride a bit.
Few knew so well the uses wide
Of stringy-bark and bullock-hide.
Hence wheresoe'er he pleased to tack
There always was a job for Jack.



His head was full of fancies curious,
Expressed in English quaint and spurious ;
His special hate was melancholy,
If dull, he feigned that he was jolly.
He lived a lonely hatter's life,
Without a brother, bairn or wife.
His mind had been depressed of late,
He mourned his death-rapt only mate
Whose memory waked a frequent sigh
And oped the tear-spring in his eye.
This night amid the frolic throng
His comrade's fate did guide his tongue,
And thus he spoke his elegy
Dight in the garb of poesy.

The plover's wild accents were swelling,
The moon's slanting ray lit the green,
As up to the shepherd's rude dwelling
We rode in the chill dewy e'en ;
No watch-dog announced the intrusion,
No light through the wooden wall shone,
All round was neglect and confusion,
Where, where could the shepherd have gone ?

The flock was unwatched and unguided,
Some stragglers lay safely at home,
The rest on the pastures divided,
Abrowsing and bleating did roam.



How sad and uneasy that bleating !
While restlessly rambled they on
To me it seemed ever repeating,
“ Where, where can our shepherd be gone ? ”

We made o'er the ranges a sally,
We searched in the creek's rocky bed,
At last on a log in the valley
We found him reclining—but dead.
Ah me ! but the sight was appalling,
Though stark as the wood it was on,
The corse seemed pursuing his calling,
The soul of the shepherd had gone.

Distorted and black were the features,
The glazed, sightless eyes staring wide ;
A dog, the most loyal of creatures,
Stood sentry his master beside ;
Though famished, forbade our encroaching,
Fond friend ! now his duty was done ;
Our senses recoiled when approaching
The wreck whence the spirit had gone.

Poor Sam ! he had once been a sergeant,
Had bled for Britannia's renown,
Intrepid, aspiring and ardent,
Had trodden the African down ;

'Mid assegai-shower unshaken,
Had headed his rank at a run,
Yet here, like a picket forsaken,
Through death's valley dark he had gone

He gasped where no human ear heard him,
He sickened where help there was none
And just as he was we interred him,
His coffin the clothes he had on.
His charge to the last he had cherished,
As fairly his laurels had won,
As if in the field he had perished,
Thus nobly the shepherd had gone.

Our breath the Great Shepherd has given
Oh, surely his angels drew near,
To waft the lone spirit to heaven
Away from the clammy clay here.
A narrow enclosure is left us,
A mound the rank grass grows upon,
To tell of what death has bereft us,
To tell that the shepherd is gone.

As when athwart a sunny sky
A sombre cloud comes sailing by,
Not with the rattling thunder riven
Nor by an angry tempest driven,

But gently gliding, zephyr-blown,
Trailing its skirt across the lawn,
Thus sweetly-soft upon the thought
The elegiac numbers wrought,
And blandly turned the unclouded gladness
Through pensiveness to pleasant sadness,
So that, the plaint completed, then
The listeners' bosoms sighed amen.

Like callow bird's attempt to sing
Then chirped the lightly-fingered string
And waked expectancy at first,
The prelude to a glorious burst
Of mirth-creating melody,
Which pranced along in rhythmic glee.
The lively strains aroused the soul
Like stimulating alcohol,
And nimble-footed swains led out
Their partners for a dancing bout.
With hearts elate they smirked and bowed
And skipped an interlacing crowd,
And tripping light and looking gay
Were young at once like chicks at play.
Of ladies who had ta'en the floor,
The most, in years were scarce a score,
But some were matrons, age unknown,
With grace and figure over-blown.

On such occasions Madam Flirt
Could not deny herself a spurt,
The gentlemen's attentions pleased,
And showing off, and being squeezed.
Her spouse was awkward and rheumatic
And far from being acrobatic ;
He did not care to cross her will
When bent upon the plain quadrille ;
But still he felt a trifle jealous
To see her swung by other fellows,
And was embittered to behold her
Whirling with cheek on partner's shoulder.
He saw her blush, his looks were glum,
He sat, transfixed a moment, mum,
Then, feeling wronged, and urged by spite,
Thought tit-for-tat would serve her right,
And so made up to handsome Bet,
Distinguished as a skilled coquette.
The move was marked by Madam Flirt,
Who winced as she were hit with dirt,
And feigning faintness sought her seat,
Recalled her spouse to fealty meet,
And vowed she'd never dance again
Though asked by choicest gentlemen.

Now while the beat of merry feet
Kept time to music rich and sweet

In chatty groups of threes or *twos*
The disengaged retailed the news ;
And some sought out obscurer nooks
And more complete seclusion,
Where gazers could not scan their looks
Nor sudden make intrusion,
Where aided and shaded
By bins for storing wool,
Voice mellow, the fellow
Tried courting to the full.

And now and then the flattered maid
Declared the praise a wopper,
And when he kissed her in the shade
She called it most improper,
And rapped him and slapped him
And turned her face away,
But wriggling and giggling,
Encore she meant to say.

She shammed that she was all in fun
And hated to be near him,
But as more calm his tale he spun
She sobered down to hear him.
Waist clasping, hand grasping
His pressure back she pressed,
Thus clinging—he singing
His hopes to her addressed.

My love is as winsome a creature
As ever adorned woman-kind,
Affection is marked on each feature
And queenliness stamped on her mind
She's modest, yet gay as a fairy,
She's generous, yet frugal inclined,
Confiding, but not too unwary
She's beauty and virtue combined.

My love is no child of a squatter
With promise of dowry immense,
She is but a poor shepherd's daughter
Whose fortune is counted in pence,
But though for my choice all Australia
Were set with the maid side by side,
My darling I'd count of more value
And glory to make her my bride.

To-morrow we mount on our horses,
Together we cityward ride,
When Hymen our love-bond endorses,
We'll back in the bush to abide.
And then on the balmy hills yonder
Pursuing our pastoral employ,
We'll live until death shall us sunder
A life of connubial joy.

They clinched the bargain there and then
And never meant to rue it,
Alas ! the ways of fickle men,
The morrow might undo it.
As headstrong he plead strong
That soon the day might be,
She shyly and slyly
Said " Better bide a wee."

- Though courting couples had retired
The central fun had not expired ;
The partners linked as with a leash,
At polka, waltz, or brisk schottische
In gallopade and giddy whirl
Did forward bound or languid twirl.

But now the music hushed awhile
That song the moments might beguile ;
The dapper little stockman Will
Was asked the pause with song to fill.
He was a spare and wizened chap
The sun had scorched and reft of sap,
He had a wealth of yellow hair
And soft moustache a strawy fair,
His face of freckles bore a crowd,
His arms were long, his legs were bowed ;

Hen-toed he was, and feather-weight,
And light and swaggering was his gait.
But if contemptible his mien,
A gamer horseman ne'er was seen ;
The mount might rear, or shy, or buck,
Like monkey to the seat he stuck.
One time at mustering, for a bet
(A trifle would his daring whet),
He backed a steer without a rein,
Or pad, or girth, and on the plain
Where trees were plenty let him stray
Till all his fury fumed away.

'Twas natural and fit of course
That all his thoughts should run on horse ;
With nasal twang and jaunty air
Like tinny trumpet did he blare.

My blood-bay is my pride
 With points as black as coal,
Dilating nostrils, forehead wide,
 And ears erect and small.
There's fire in his big eye,
 His crested neck is long,
His chest is deep, his wither high,
 His quarters full and strong.

Chorus

Oh, who would choose the reek
And worry and din of towns,
And lose the dash over ridge and creek,
The scamper along the downs.

My horse is mounted now,
We know each other well ;
I press his ribs and forward bow,
And my mind he seems to tell.
Elastic is his tread,
He glories in his might,
And proudly holds his graceful head
Careering with delight.

Away ! a centaur, we
Pursue the hornéd race,
Run down the nimble wallaby,
Or give the dingo chase.
We scud along so fast,
His hoofs scarce touch the ground ;
My gay haloo from first to last
He answers with a bound.

The man who knows and loves a horse
Such sentiments could well endorse,
Especially if he has steered
Where never fences have been reared,

Across the rocky ranges steep,
Through wooded gullies rough and deep,
Or swiftly skimmed the valley wide,
Or dashed along the river's side
At reckless speed behind the quarry,
Be it the warrigal or marri ! *
And felt his senses all on fire,
His care dispersed by wild desire.
The stockman's tribute to the horse
Appealed to riders with full force ;
But few who heard had shared his sport,
So his applause was faint and short.
The next to sing was Dick the digger,
A man that " grafted " like a nigger.
He once had been as hard as nails,
But native vigour nought avails ;
We cannot aye from ill be warded
When nature's laws are disregarded.
And he had lain out like a dog,
And fed on stuff would cloy a hog.
His speech was mixed, unread his face,
None could decide his natal place.
In youth he tossed about the seas
Like old forewandered Ulysses,
As many towns and states he knew
As if he were the Wandering Jew ;

* *warrigal* = native dog ; *marri* = kangaroo.

A score of years from fifty-one,
A score of fields had he been on,
From Charters Towers to Ballarat,
On reef of quartz, alluvial flat,
He had been roaming getting gold
Much more than his weak hands would hold.
At Woolshed on the Ovens field
His claim a ton of gold did yield,
His share a fourth, won in a year,
Had all become dissolved in beer.
But since the fire of youth was quenched
His old excess had been retrenched ;
He had become penurious quite,
Had blossomed as a Rechabite.
He saw, but saw, alas ! too late,
That spending life at such a rate
Was vanity of vanities
And sowing seed of miseries :
To mend his life, which must be brief,
He had turned o'er another leaf ;
He therefore sang without pretence
A song from his experience.

The man whose wealth is great
Can boast of precious plate,
I, being of low estate,
Even a spoon have not,

I own a goblet though
The rich would scorn to show,
Which goes where'er I go,
 'Tis an old quart pot.

It dangles in the strap
By the polished pigskin flap ;
Though bruised with many a rap
 From the gum-trees got,
The veteran still stands fire
And answers my desire
When service I require
 From the old quart pot.

Once like a silver pin ;
Tea-tarnished now within ;
Smoked like a black snake skin ;
 But the soot red-hot
Will hasten on the boil,
And tea will never spoil
From an extra coat of oil
 In the old quart pot.

It never tasted cream ;
To scour it who would dream ?
How fragrant is the steam
 From its jet jaws shot !

A bottle black as ink
Will never harm the drink.
A sooty coat, I think,
Fits an old quart pot.

At morning, noon, and night,
I weary for its sight ;
Its fumes to thirst invite,
Be I cold or hot.
All seasons of the year,
The most refreshing cheer
Is a draught of bushman's beer
From the old quart pot.

At rowdy roadside inn
Some fellows melt their tin
In burning rum and gin :
They're a wretched lot.
Come, mate, and join with me
In a jovial bushman's spree :
Have a brimming pint of tea
From my old quart pot.

Again the strings enticed the dancers
By gaily twanging out the Lancers ;
It was to form a *grand finalé*,
The sets were marshalled for the ballet.

One heated, self-conceited creature,
A youth of callous, *blasé* feature,
Was too familiar with grimaces,
And fingered ribbons free and laces.
He gave his mate an extra whirl,
Threw kisses to another girl,
And when the music rattled frisky
He screeched with impudence and whisky.
His glee attained its utmost vigour
When they had reached the grand-chain figure.
It was the foolish ne'er-do-weel,
The son of him at Lake Yakeel.

That figure was the jolliest part
Of all the dancing since the start.

Hilarity increased.

The ladies in their pink and white
Were looking fair and flushed and bright,

And when the music ceased,
Their fans they had begun to ply,
Their partners glanced with amorous eye

And whispered secrets sweet ;
While on the threshold of the door
A form appeared not seen before ;
With silky step she paced the floor.

Who saw were awed complete.

Like phantom risen from the tomb,
Her aspect shed a sense of gloom ;
 The face was wan and thin ;
The hollow eyes were haloed round
With livid rims on ghastly ground.
They felt she was on mischief bound,
 A messenger of sin.

She slipped to where the dancers stood.
It made them curdle in the blood
 The uncanny thing to see.
In common faded black arrayed,
With visage like a haunting shade,—
A contrast was so awesome made
 By that gay company.

She faced the pallid, rakish youth,
And swore by heaven she'd tell the truth,
 That all might understand.
"You dare," said she, "to touch a girl,
And swing her in this giddy whirl ;
Yet at my voice your senses swirl,
 You tremble all unmanned.

"I will unmask your fiendish heart,
Expose your snaky, ghoulish art,
 And pack you off to hell.

You thing in feature like a man
Deny my story, if you can :
With promise false your wiles began,
You lured me, and I fell.

" I was as fair as any here,
As innocent, and held as dear,
Until you set your snare.
Entrapped and soiled, like cast-off clout
Or faded flower, you did me scout,
Disgraced and damned, my shame you flout :
None else my case shall share."

She ceased ; he woke from his surprise,
And glared on her with angry eyes,
And raised his jewelled hand :
To push her thence his wish did seem ;
She started back with threatening scream,
A pistol in her right did gleam :
He saw, and fled the band.

She chased him forth, and in the night
They vanished from pursuing sight :
The sky was overcast ;
It lightened, and the thunder pealed ;
A flash their fleeting forms revealed,
Then darkness further trace concealed,
The horrid vision passed.

A blink the throng are dazed and dumb ;
In whispers hoarse to speech they come.
"She must be daft." "Her tale is true."
"She's frantic driven." "He has his due."
And forth into the mirk and rain
Some dash to overtake the twain.
All heart is from the gathering gone,
And none desires to carry on.
Like tempest following eve serene,
So has that fright transformed the scene,
In an undignified stampede
They'd part but that they shelter need.

A tale of weak and sinful years,
Of blasted hopes and scalding tears
That momentary scare
Revealed, and pierced all to the quick ;
While some were feeling faint and sick,
In some it made their conscience prick,
To others cried "Beware !"

Unnerved, the women shook with dread,
And pallor o'er their cheek was spread ;
Unconsciously they sighed ;
Their breath was short, their words were few,
They thought not they themselves might do
A deed of shame so old, so new,
And such a tale provide.

Alas ! too oft a nightly warning
Evanishes with light of morning,
And so it would be here.
The vows that very night they pledged
Would serve their turn and out be edged ;
And scandals black might be alleged,
And sorrow end the year.

Reason had failed although allied
With perfect logic had it tried
To rally mirth again,
But Nature uses the grotesque,
And has a place for broad burlesque
To suit the moods of men.
A very dainty chap stepped forth,
And spite of gloom prevailing,
He knew his wisdom and his worth
Could set things rightly sailing.
"Haw-hawing," "You knowing,"
The terror-spell he broke,
With snickering (and liquoring)
The sense of joy awoke.

In speech that was of languid flow
Not altogether apropos,
He said "such chastening teazels

Came unawares to man and woman,
Were unpreventable and common
 As whooping cough or measles";
And then in rather laboured style,
 In language somewhat stilted,
Said he had felt once in a while
 The pang of being jilted.
"But hang it, and dang it,
 Things right themselves at last,
Forgetting, and letting
 The past remain the past."

He had a self-complacent look,
An eye of bashfulness forsook
 Behind a pince-nez glass;
His cheeks were plump or rather doughy,
His red moustache was long and showy,
 His skull was scant of grass.
His dress was of a pattern loud,
 And of a cut new-fangled,
And from a chain that made him proud
 A bunch of trinkets dangled.
Light hearted, he started
 A ditty overdone,
And wheezy, but easy,
 He sang the truth in fun.

I have a breeding rare,
A quite distinguished air,
A fondness for the fair
 Like a Sultan Turk ;
At home I was no use,
I was both fast and loose,
And rattling to the deuce
 For the want of work.

And so they shipped me off,
An ornamental toff,
My merry moods to doff,
 And acquire bush-craft ;
I'm called a jackaroo
Because for what I do
My only kind of screw
 Is a monthly draft.

Reclaiming of the bush
Among a vulgar push,
Was thought a tonic douche
 For a swell like me.
I'll let the business slip
And take a bridal trip
On early home-bound ship
 The old folks to see.


It once was my ambition
To better my position
By nuptial addition
Of a queen Marri.*
I now prefer the daughter
Of a Riverina squatter
Whose dowry (when I've caught her)
Will make me M.P.

He ended and the late alarm
Was dissipated as by charm,
The folks applauded as a measure
Not of his art, but of their pleasure.
Dame Nature in her parsimony
Had spared him brains to make him funny,
And deigned to use his harmless folly
To soothe the smart of melancholy.
But sadness that had pierced so deep
Would hardly in the background keep,
A sense of dread the spot did haunt,
And did like boding danger daunt.

The storm had passed, the sky was clear,
The time for all to part was near.
The energies and pastimes flagged,
The dull and dubious moments dragged,

* A common aboriginal word for a *native* in New South Wales and Queensland.

When Geordie Bell, the squatter's son,
Essayed a final shot at fun.
He was a tall and comely lad,
An air of backwardness he had,
But once the ice was broken, he
Conversed at ease and humorously.
Bush reared, he knew the ways of stock,
And how to care for herd and flock,
On horseback he could danger face,
Buckjumpers ride or steeple-chase.
He dearly loved to swap a horse,
And thus his pocket re-inforce.
Good-natured was he to a fault,
So as the sport was at a halt
Himself a victim he did offer,
(Although unasked) to sing made proffer,
Suggested they should then combine,
And crossing hands have Auld Lang Syne.
He spoke with a colonial drawl,
His aitches scarce were heard at all,
But now and then both *h* and *r*
Came unexpected with a jar.
His public speech was rare and rambling,
And jerky, like a cripple ambling,
And though he'd had but little beer
That little made him all the freer.



He disavowed his being a jowker,
Said he was nitive of Avowcar,
And bowsted he was young Ostrilian,
And not a European ilien.
He thought it not a bad idear
That certain cowves had come eout here,
And knew no country in the earth,
He'd rather have his plice of birth,
The owpening song was pītriotic,
And his would not be an exotic.
He'd tip them something kangarooral,
And not an old-land tooralooral.
For long they would not meet agine,
They'd better clowse with Auld Lang Syne.
He cleared his throat by vigorous hawking
And after starting twice and squawking,
He sang a pure Australian theme,
(The melody was Love's Young Dream,
Perhaps the air awoke the thought
That love though sweet the bitterest brought),
His voice was so pent up, the sound
Seemed from afar or underground.

The kangaroo he bounds among the high hill crowns,
The stately emu scuds along the grass-clad downs ;
Advance, advance, Australia, and a rapid course pursue,
Like thy team the stately emu and the kangaroo.

The nations of the old grey world to match their state
Chose bills and fangs of fiercest form that blood can
 sate,
Till all the earth was rifled; but they missed Australia's
 two,
The fleet and stately emu and the kangaroo.

Oh, see the screaming eagle's talons dyed in gore,
The bears they growl, and dragons howl, and lions roar,
Thy bird is not rapacious, and thy beast makes no ado,
They're a peaceful team the emu and the kangaroo.

The emu is a hardy blade as e'er wore plumes,
The winds may roar and floods may pour, he ne'er feels
 rheums;
He'll break his fast on bark or boughs, and dine on
 rusty nails,
And will trot a score of miles to drink when drought
 prevails.

How gentle looks the kangaroo with fawn-like eyes,
A picture of content when he at noontide lies
Beneath the casuarina's shade, but make him stand at
 bay,
And he'll cause the boldest heart to quail that comes
 his way.


The kangaroo he bounds among the high hill crowns,
The stately emu scuds along the grass-clad downs ;
Advance, advance, Australia, and a rapid course pursue,
Like thy team the stately emu and the kangaroo.

Not from aversion to the song,
(For it was light and was not long),

Yet more and more each verse
There was a sound of parting feet
As if the song were a retreat,
Or like a voluntary sweet
When worshippers disperse.

The cadence done, upon the floor
There were remaining but a score
Who formed a circle line ;
Besides a young and thoughtless lot,
There was an old and seasoned Scot
Who stayed because he feared they'd not
Be up to Auld Lang Syne.

They crossed their hands and in the ring
They swayed and drowsily did sing
The Bard of Coila's lay ;
Then some a stirrup-cup did quaff,
And had a little laboured chaff,
Which raised a forced and weary laugh
Before they took their way.



Adieus were hurried, horses brought,
And in the dawn the track was sought,
 Their homes they cantered to ;
And when at work they did their part,
With chastened joy and doubtful heart,
With now a smile and now a start,
 They dreamed the daylight through.

**MISCELLANEOUS POEMS AND
TRANSLATIONS**



AMBITION

"THE front, the front!" he pants to meet the foe,
The cannon din will serve but as a cheer
To gallantry, the hope of fame drown fear.
To win renown his sword will not prove slow,
Exploits, escapes, and honours near him show,
He'll on unscathed where Death his myriads slays
With fame as fair and life as charmed as Ney's.
Can this be he in the first fated row?
"To victory!" he cried with heart aglow,
He cried, he fell when first the Reaper tried
The sickle's edge. And does not Death deride
Youth starting with high impulse daily so?
They hope, they plan, and reckon not with death,
"To glory!" shout, and perish with the breath

A WOMAN'S LOVE

WOULD I could sing as sing I ought
The theme that claims my fervid thought,
The theme with lofty pleasure fraught—

A noble woman's tender love !
Unselfish as the common light,
Pure as the drifted snow is white,
And gushing with perennial might,
Fed by the fount that wells above.

It will not bartered be nor bought,
Nor yet with covert traps be caught,
But openly deserved and sought,
And honourably wooed and won.
From scheming and caprice unmixed,
Not mine to-day and his the next,
Come weal, come woe, still firmly fixed,
And thorough as the eternal sun.

Unaltered with the turns of time,
A plant that thrives in every clime,
The tropic blaze, the polar rime
Nor dry its juices, nor congeal.
Faithful in secret as in sight,
Surrounded with a holy light
It slays distrust and puts to flight
Corruption daring near to steal.

A golden ornament bestowed
To grace and cheer our dull abode,
It will not stain nor yet corrode
By contact with the foul or base.
'Tis not so rare it may be got,
And tho' the sage king found it not,
It lights up many a humble cot
Where fame and riches have no place.

Thrice happy he who boasts this prize,
Which for enjoyment far outvies
The glittering heaps that glad the eyes
Of millionaires with shrunken souls.
His be it to reciprocate,
To cherish and to emulate
Such love that nerves in darkest fate—
Ambition spurs to loftiest goals.

The earth and moon will not divide
While nature and her laws abide,
But onward coursing side by side
 Will emblems be of harmony.
Thus man and woman linked in love,
If pure it be will onward move
In concord until it behove
 That death's dread law encountered be.

CHRIST A KING

OUR Christ is sung a conquering king,
An everlasting Lord,
What proves the might of Him we sing ?
Where are his trophies stored ?

In crumbling walls and columns proud
The relics of renown,
The mighty men who ruled the crowd
Have passed their glory down.

Where are His massy towers of war,
And sculptured, storied stones,
And heaps of spoil from near and far,
And gifts from subject thrones ?

The heroes who the world o'erran,
A scroll their fame records,
Obscure save to the learned man
That spells their fading words.

From hearts our victor's grand results
Shine forth with lambent flame,
The lowliest peasant tongue exults
To speak His precious name.

Like rippling circle o'er the deep
His growing realm expands,
With blest invasion shall it sweep
And overrun all lands.

None can evade His boundless reach ;
His influence is such,
His word shall permeate all speech,
His life all lives shall touch.

The city's pride whose tapering spire
Melts in the purer air,
The lonely hamlet's humble choir
Alike His sway declare.

The lowly heart, the motive pure,
Love world-wide exercised,
The life sublime although obscure,
Are monuments of Christ.

The fragrance of that life divine
Perfumes the noblest lives,
In an unbroken broadening line
Its influence survives.



Survives ! yea, potent shall remain,
A spreading, quickening leaven,
Until our world becomes again
The counterpart of heaven.

The bard that latest glads the earth
With fancy's glowing dream,
Will strike his note of highest worth
When Christ shall be the theme.

CASTE

"ONLY a tradesman," supercilious phrase,
Disclosing shallow minds and self-conceited,
Who measure human worth by standards base,
And by superiors will so be meted ;
Too gross to see where true nobility dwells,
Find it in accidents—wealth, station, labours,
The taint of caste ev'n kith and kin repels,
Corrodes long friendships, and estranges neigh-
bours.
The drunkard, blackleg, sensualist may enter.
Where "only tradesmen " they must never venture.

"Only a tradesman," did not Jesus Christ
Toil at a bench in Nazareth contented ?
Can aught that He has honoured be despised ?
Can those who to His doctrines have assented



And call them Christians, dare to sneer in pride

At sense and honour placed in lowly station ?

Let them remember Christ has dignified

The lot and work the humblest in the nation,

Those who on earth for front seats are inclined most,

Will see the foremost here in heaven set hindmost.

SAVING THE COLOURS

AN INCIDENT IN THE FLIGHT FROM ISANDLUNA

Like the death-fraught simoom the fierce Zulus enclosed us,

They thickened like clouds when the thunder rolls nigh ;

As twenty to one was the host that opposed us,

No hope for the few but to battle and die.

Our rifles rained death and the closing zone quivered,

'Twas but for an instant their vanguard was shivered ;

For spite of the murderous fire we delivered

More dense fell the showers of the keen assegai.

On press they like fiends with their leaping and yelling,

And murder and hate in ferocious eyes glare :

One billow expended, another comes swelling,

We pit against blood-thirsty frenzy despair.

Wave rolling on wave, the close granite will crumble,
With storm shocks of ages the proudest oaks tumble ;
A craven hound-pack may a chained lion humble,
Our valour is vain though the worst we can dare.

O God ! our last round in their leading rank buried,
They come as a landslip shoots down on the plain,
To crush the small remnant so shrunken and serried,
To mangle the living, dishonour the slain.
Our bulwark of bayonets like forked lightning flashing,
Is futile as kelp which the breakers are washing ;
The Zulus their dead on the bristling steel dashing,
The wounds of our sorry defence can disdain.

All is lost but our honour ; the colours ! who'll save
them ?

Young Melville has seized them and off he has
spurred !

The legions of nude screaming demons would have
them—

Like deer through the beaters he writhes through
the herd.

Britannia will joy when the story is told her—

How the flag steady poised on her gallant son's shoulder
Down the deep craggy gorge leap'd o'er chasm and
boulder,

And fluttered aloft like a tempest-tost bird.

Oh, welcome, swift river, though turbid and swollen,
Less fell art thou far than the flint-hearted host,
Convey on thy bosom the riders who roll in—
Oh, safely convey to the friendlier coast.
Now, steadily, steeds, beat the tide without floundering,
'Neath burdens so precious there must be no foundering;
Account of your passage will all the world round ring—
Strain on till you rescue or drop at your post.

Ah, linger not, Muse, at a crisis so trying !
Impatient to succour yet powerless to save—
All trembling and breathless attending the flying,
Our heart cannot brook the delays of the brave.
Triumphantly Coghill encounters the current,
But Melville unhorsed in the deep rapid torrent
(While Destiny halts to subscribe his death-warrant)
Is whirling along the insensible wave.

Devotion to duty deserting him never—
His fingers the staff more tenaciously clasped,
Till nearing an islet that juts from the river
One cry, "Catch the flag," to a comrade he gasped.
The soldier half-drowned on the slimy rock seated,
Caught hold of the banner as past him it fled,
The force of the current his purpose defeated,
He slipped and he sank with the prize he had grasped.

Oh, fair fall the sweep of the favouring eddy
Which wafted the pair to the shore of desire,
Where Coghill dismounted was wading all ready
To lavish the strength that himself might require.
Fatigue has not conquered the hope of existence,
But Death follows fast with remorseless persistence,
For bands of the foemen approach in the distance,
Attracted by Melville's bright scarlet attire.

He cannot be blamed who with nought to defend him
Disdained to become a mere target for spears,
And fled the pursuit that was ravening to rend him,
And gave us the tale which starts eloquent tears.
But woe for the horseless and wounded and jaded,
So far with the ensign of country o'erladed,
At bay to the doom that so nigh was evaded—
Oh, crags, can ye shield them and frustrate our fears?

They sold their life dearly for country and loved ones—
They fell, but their corse inviolate lay—
Till brethren in arms found the valour-approved ones,
And sadly and tenderly bore them away.
The standard was found too—memento of glory,
And still it floats o'er us though tattered and gory,
And the fame of that day shall go down with its story
When its gallant preservers are mixed with the clay

Britannia renowned in the annals of valour,
To thy record of glory affix a fresh leaf,
For comfort and pride may enlighten thy pallor
And bid thee exult in thy throat-swelling grief.
Thine arms often tested in regions of winter
Have shone 'neath the cross in heroic adventure,
And still shalt thou flourish, of freedom the centre—
In honour the foremost, in gallantry chief.

PERSEVERANCE

ALL you who seek to win success
One sure ally to service press,
'Tis *perseverance*, for unless
 You list the same,
You lack the very queen of chess
 In life's great game.

This wanting nothing will avail,
Skill, judgment, daring, all must fail ;
The helmless bark will only sail
 With favouring breeze,
It cannot tack, nor ride the gale,
 Nor stem the seas.

Not like the pair of classic fame
Who gave a certain sea its name,
They sought the sun, but down they came,
 Too great a tax
It was to near the central flame
 On wings of wax.

Be sure the object can be gained,
That it is worthy when attained,
Then every nerve be fully strained,
Each means applied
That leaves your honour's heart unstained
Truth dignified.

Though fortune give you whack on whack
And lay you sprawling on your back,
Endure with patience every rack
And scorn to fear ;
Though every page be bordered black,
Still persevere.

When pallor o'er your bloom is spread,
And zest of life and sleep are fled,
Keep up your heart if sinks your head ;
Though Death appear
To whet his sickle by your bed,
Still persevere.

Then if the goal be never won
Which you have set your heart upon,
No single stroke of all you've done
Will be in vain,
A *quid pro quo*, depend thereon,
Will be your gain.

UNIVERSITY COMMENCEMENT DAY

WHAT is pelf and what is station ?

Joys too oft for shallow hearts ;

Wealth, nor rank, nor creed, nor nation

Alma Mater's children parts ;

He is *primus inter pares* ;

Who can bring her best renown,

And the basest wretch by far is

Who will drag her honour down.

Ave cara, Alma Mater,

Postera laude crescito,

Salve quisque nobilis frater,

Cane magno gaudio.

Truth we seek and we shall find it,

What is fact—what ought to be—

Virtue will not lag behind it,

They are sisters heavenly.

Let our lives in gold be lettered,
What has been can be again,
What was best can yet be bettered
In the upward march of men.

Onward press the time redeeming,
Think not all the triumph won,
Learning is with booty teeming
And the conquest never done.
Labour ardent and untiring,
Every gain however small
Nears the summit of aspiring—
Labour for the good of all.

on Good

you

you

you

you

you

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER

A CHRISTIAN soldier in the fight
For love and purity and right
Stands in the power of God's own might
Full-clad in shining armour.

The belt of truth about his waist
Keeps him erect and firmly braced,
The proud, the false, are fearless faced
When he has on this girdle.

Above his heart the mail is worn
Of righteousness, which turns with scorn
Whate'er of seeking self is born,
A sound heart is a fortress.

To guard his feet where rocks abound,
And make them sure on slippery ground,
The gospel peace serene and sound
Becomes his trusty sandals.

And chief, he grips with steady hold
A massy shield of ancient mould,
No fiery dart of badness bold
Can pierce this perfect buckler.

The helm of hope his head defends,
His leader's gift which never rends
Whatever adverse blow descends ;
'Tis victory's sure signal.

And in his right he swings a sword,
'Twas forged and tested by his Lord,
Its edge is keen, its name "The Word,"
A peerless, priceless weapon.

He lifts his prayer to God most high,
Beholds his leader ever nigh,
Keeps watch, advance : foemen fly
Before the Christian soldier.

FACING DEATH

**THERE is an hour which God hath set
When every life of days or years
Worn to a flimsy, trembling thread,
Shall shuddering feel the fatal shears.**

**I too must lie upon my bed
In helpless weakness and in pain,
And face th' inevitable gate
Which entered ne'er lets back again.**

**They'll gaze in pity on my face
Wrinkled and wan and wasted thin,
Not all the wish of all earth's love
Can keep the flickering soul-light in.**

**I may be loth to leave life's work,
To lose its joys my heart may weep,
Not all the stir and hopes of earth
Will rouse me from that final sleep.**

I love the earth, it is no sin,
For God has made it good and fair,
To know its wealth I but begin,
To see and lose, a mockery were.

One glance upon the boundless realm
Of knowledge, then eternal night !
To promise, only to deceive
Would be like tantalizing spite.

No ! I can trust instinctive hope,
And trust th' eternal fount of love ;
I trow that death brings boundless scope
To love and learn in heaven above.

I'll do the duty of the hour
And look at death without dismay,
A momentary darkness dense,
And then—the sheen of endless day.

PHILANTHROPY

IN early ages men for self-defence
Were banded by relationship of blood,
Cemented by a true instinctive sense
Of danger compassing, a swelling flood.
One family foemen to another stood,
Expecting for each deed its recompense
Their morals lax were and their culture rude,
And every man his vengeance did dispense ;
The ever-naked sword, impatient sought offence.

Faint glimmering in the dark self-seeking age
There breaks of philanthropic light a gleam
From Hebrew prophet or from pagan sage,
A transient lustre shedding, but the theme
Is counted by the great a fancy dream ;
Darkness succeeds enveloping the world,
Self reigns in every heart, moulds every scheme ;
The weak are by the strong to serfdom hurled,
The flag of brutal force is everywhere unfurled.

Now comes the Light that lighteth all, and He
On all enjoins His doctrines and commands,—
“The man who would my faithful follower be
Must self deny,” preparatory stands ;
“Love God with all your heart,” He next demands,
Then “Love your neighbour as yourself you love” ;
This charity to all mankind expands,
“Even to your deadliest foe forgiving prove,
Such mercy as you deal comes to you from above.’

Self-abnegation marks the every deed
Of all the bright discipleship who bore
Through sword and flame the living gospel seed
Our fallen nature destined to restore.
The saintly martyrs dying did implore
Forgiveness on the brutal ruthless foe,
Who gloated on the guileless Christian’s gore ;
A Christ-like mind inspires the faithful so,
With love to God and man their zealous souls o’erflow.

Not theirs a patriotism for one choice spot ;
Their birthplace and their home,—the earth. Their
grave
They found not with their ancestors, and not
Less than their peer esteemed the trampled slave.

The land they traversed and the treach'rous wave
Their toiling spirit now alas how rare !

For forms the modern Christian seems to crave,
Religion an external dress we wear,
A mental thing we make it, bodyless as air.

True charity a Christian's being pervades,
Controls the secret motions of his heart ;
How ignorance the lofty grace degrades,
Makes alms-bestowing its intrinsic part.
God marks the motives whence the actions start,
Contemns the bids for honour, fame, applause ;
Wrong pardoned, spite forgotten, and the smart
Of bitter slander made no vengeful cause ;
For cursing blessing : such the fruitage of love's laws.

Alas for human foolishness which clouds
Religion pure with superstitious maze,
Which simple Christianity enshrouds
(To cheat or to allure the vulgar gaze)
With false humility or gorgeous blaze,
Leaving impenetrable to the mind
Save where it glimmers through surrounding haze
The world-wide charity to human-kind
To which the highest place 'mong virtues Christ
assigned.

Oh blessed spirit of the Christian true

Who takes the Master as his standard bright,

Who doth a self-denying course pursue

His fellow-mortals' burdens making light,

Who humbly works unseen to mortal sight,

By love and duty moved, not fear nor fame ;

His utmost deeming but a very mite

Restored to the great Giver whence it came ;

Time, influence, wealth, yea life, his fellow's righteous
claim.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERM NEUMANN

THE heart has rooms a pair,
The dwellings
Of Happiness and Care.
Is Happiness awake?
Its slumber
Then Care doth calmly take
O Happiness, beware!
Speak softly,
For fear you waken Care.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE

THEY have my heart tormented,
And vexed and wounded sore ;
The one set with their fondness,
The other with hate they bore.

They mixed my bread with poison,
Death in my cup did pour ;
The one set through their fondness,
The other through hate they bore.

But they who most have tortured
And vexed and made me sad,
Are those who never hatred
Nor love for me have had.



FROM JOSEPH VICTOR SCHEFFEL'S
"TROMPETER VON SAEKINGGEN"

SONGS OF YOUNG WERNER

I

THE direful task are mortals ever learning
That thorns are lurking in the rosy bower,
The fancy fond, the poor heart's sweetest yearning,
Dissolve when comes the hateful parting hour ;
Love in thy winsome glance beheld I beaming,
Delusive trust to think it beamed for me.
God keep thee ! 'Twas a lover's idle dreaming.
God keep thee ! Bliss so great could never be.

Grief, hate, and jealousy too deep I've tasted.
Far have I wandered, weary, tempest-tried,
Towards tranquil scenes and days of peace I hasted—
There led the path I loved, and to thy side.

In thy embrace my best enjoyment seeming,
My fresh young life devoted was to thee.
God keep thee ! 'Twas a lover's idle dreaming.
God keep thee ! Bliss so great could never be.

Shrill soughs the blast, and sullen clouds are driving,
The raindrops sob, the woods are drenched and cold,
To match my parting grief seems nature striving ;
Dark as the sky my future I behold.
Come weal, come woe, thee lissome maiden deeming
Queen of my heart, it loyal beats to thee.
God keep thee ! 'Twas a lover's idle dreaming,
God keep thee ! Bliss so great could never be.

Who chatters from the tower
 Rare greeting to me ? list !
 The stork, my old familiar,
 Is prattling from his nest.

He's making preparation
 O'er land and sea to fly ;
 The autumn is upon us,
 And so he says good-bye.

Thou'rt doing well to travel,
 For sluggish cold's afoot ;
 For me, Italian pastures
 And father Nile salute.

In Southern climes thy portion,
 May better feastings be
 Than German toads, and tadpoles,
 Cockchafers, and *ennui*.

AUSTRALIAN ECHOES

May God protect thee ancient,
My blessing with thee stay ;
Thou hast in stilly midnight
Oft listened to my lay.

Perhaps, if not too drowsy
To peep forth from the nest,
Thy wondering eye was watching
When once we met and kissed.

But out of school no stories,
Keep dark, my crony old ;
'Tis none of Afric's business
How love on the Rhine is told.

A TRANSLATION OF MART. V. 37

A DEAR LITTLE GIRL

To me the little maid was fairer far
Than swan's hoar plumes which age hath purified,
More tender than the velvet fleeces are,
Of lambkins nurtured by Galesus' tide,
And than the shell which Lucrine deeps provide
More exquisite: yea, choicer none could deem
The orient pearl, or glossy tusk supplied
By giant herd of Ind, nor more esteem
The new-blown lily's bloom, the falling snowflake's
gleam.

The Guadalquivir wool that needs no dye,
The massy clusters plenteous on the Rhine,
And dormouse gold her tresses did outvie;
Her balmy breath was sweet as to combine
In current warm delicious flavour trine,

The virgin nectar of the Attic bee,
The perfume of the Paestum eglantine,
The amber ball's ambrosial fragranc y
Which the hot pressure of a fair one's palm sets free

Compared with her the peacock's rainbow glow
Unseemly was, the squirrel nothing dear,
The Phoenix, too, as common as the crow,
And yet inexorable Fate's austere
Invidious fiat laid her on her bier ;
Erotion, six winters scarce fulfilled,
Erotion, my darling and my cheer,
My winning sport,—is gone, her prattle stilled,
Her lissome frame resolved to ashes yet unchilled.

Yet Paetus says I should not feel forlorn,
Nor beat my bosom, nor my tresses tear.
“ Why should you for a little bondmaid mourn ?
I still exist, though I have had to bear
To lonesome grave a partner rich and fair,
Distinguished, haughty, and of high estate.”
Oh fortitude, on earth beyond compare !
Friend Paetus got (what marvel to relate)
Two hundred thousand pounds and yet survives his fate.







